

The Listener

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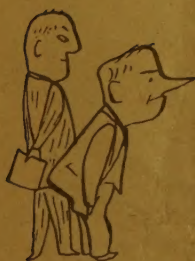
Queen Victoria reviewing the Grenadier Guards: an aquatint (c. 1853) from the exhibition marking the tercentenary of the formation of the regiment now on view at St. James's Palace, London

In this number:

Sweden—the Egalitarian Paradise (Paul Anderson)
Canadian Notes and Impressions—I (J. B. Priestley)
Max Beerbohm: an Appreciation (John Russell)



the things they say!



*Those people made a pile of money last year.
Not a lot, in relation to the size of their business!
Maybe not. But why couldn't they let their customers have
a bigger share in this prosperity by lower or level prices?*

You talk as if I.C.I. haven't kept their prices down.

Well, have they?

Certainly. The general level of wholesale prices in this country is more than three times pre-war, but the general level of I.C.I.'s prices is less than double.

Still, I don't see what I.C.I. want all that money for.

Much of it went into extending and re-equipping their hundred-odd factories and constructing plants for entirely new products.

Who benefits from that?

Everybody. I.C.I.'s *employees*, because they get the increased security that an up-to-date industry gives; I.C.I.'s *stockholders*, because these new plants will increase the Company's earning power. Finally, I.C.I.'s *customers*, at home and abroad, for the policy of continuously improving manufacturing methods and increasing capacity is important not only in making more materials available to industry, but also in keeping prices down.



The Listener

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Automation and Manpower

By LORD HALSBURY

WHAT a word 'automation' has become! As a headline or a verbal fad it is a source of irritation to employer, trade unionist, and technologist; as a catch-phrase it is a source of disquiet and anxiety to politicians.

To what world does it belong? To reality or to science fiction? The answer is: a little of each. The great technical triumphs of the mid-twentieth century—controlled nuclear fission, thermonuclear fusion, supersonic flight, jet propulsion, radar and radio-navigation, 3-D pictures, colour television, the development of rocket engines and the possibility of space travel—none of these disturb men's imaginations by the threat of a menace to their social and economic relationships.

But automation is a different matter, because automation is related to the techniques of production. Actually, if it means anything at all it means no more than the advanced mechanisation of our period. Another word for mechanisation is productivity. Productivity is advancing all the time; that is why new domestic articles like household refrigerators and television sets keep coming on to the market. The reason we keep on being introduced to these novelties is that year by year it takes relatively less and less human effort to make any one of them; the effort saved goes into making more of them or making something new.

In the seven years between 1948 and 1954, for example, we learned how to make twice as many motor-cars, one and a half times as many commercial vehicles, one and one third times as many motor cycles, and ten per cent. more pedal cycles per year than previously, with a labour force only ten per cent. greater. We called this 'rising productivity' and patted ourselves on the back. Now we call it 'automation' and are anxious.

There is no need for anxiety. No one who has studied the four techniques properly described as automation believes that the future will be significantly different from the past. Nothing is

going to happen with a jerk; a smooth and welcome advance in productivity is the most that need be expected.

In America it has been calculated that not more than six per cent. of the labour force may be affected at all. I imagine that a similar percentage figure would apply in this country. Supposing that some such percentage would be affected over ten years, then little more than a half of one per cent. would be affected in any one year. More than five times that number, however, would reach the retiring age and be replaced by young persons recruited to new jobs. In fact, in general terms, the normal process of retirement and recruitment appears more than sufficient to adjust any displacement of labour by automation. The real question is whether automation can come to our rescue fast enough to cope with a foreseeable crisis in the future. Increasing demands for technically trained personnel will prolong education and delay the age at which young persons enter industry. Men's working careers will grow shorter. The population, however, is ageing; the percentage of workers in it is going to diminish. How are we to cope with relatively fewer workers each doing less work per lifetime? Can automation come to the rescue in time?

The recent report from the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research* deals with a number of factors which may control or limit the scope of automation: economic factors, social factors, availability of capital, supplies of machinery, materials, and power, scale factors related to the size of establishments—these are all reviewed. The conclusion appears to be that they need not be limitations upon our making full use of automative techniques, though by no means every industry will be able to benefit to the same extent.

One sinister defect, however, appears likely to limit our future advances in productivity. It is a defect that recurs in context after context and now it has to be brought in yet again: shortage

of technically trained manpower. It is a sort of knell. Every technical project with which I am personally associated, automative or otherwise, is moving slower than it ought to. Why? Shortage of technically trained manpower.

Our young people do not in sufficient number seek to prolong

their education and qualify themselves as technicians and technologists. The educational facilities are there, and the Government is increasing them. It is spending £100,000,000 over the next five years. Will the young respond? One cannot influence the young directly: the task is one for their parents.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

India's Economic Future

By the Rt. Hon. JOHN STRACHEY, M.P.

BEFORE going to India I was mainly interested in India's foreign policy—India's attitude to Russia and the West, Nehru's so-called neutralism, India's world role. Now I have been there I find that I am even more interested in what is happening inside India. The decisive thing seems to be the vast process of industrialisation and general economic development which India has just launched. Their big second five-year plan has just been laid before parliament, and on its success or failure hangs, in my view, not only the future of India, but to a considerable extent the future of the whole of Asia.

To put it shortly, what seems to be happening in India is this: They are trying rapidly to industrialise this gigantic, underdeveloped, poverty-stricken country of 365,000,000 people, mainly peasants. They are trying to industrialise it in such a way that at the end of the process they will have created what the Indian Government defines as 'a socialist pattern of society'. Finally, while trying to do all this, they are determined to preserve their democracy. And, make no mistake about it, India has got genuine democratic institutions: real freedom at elections, freedom of the press and speech, free trade unions, and free discussion in parliament—all the things we recognise as democracy.

Will they pull it off? My only honest answer is that I do not know. But of one thing I am convinced. If India's present effort at democratic socialist planning were to fail, then the result would be, not a return to private enterprise capitalism, but first chaos and then communism.

The development of democratic socialism in India does not, in the main, take the form of nationalisation. What the Indian leaders tell you is that, in their case, nationalisation is not really necessary. The fact is that the key basic industries—steel, heavy engineering, the electrical industries, machine tools, even coal—have hardly been developed at all so far. So what the Government is proposing to do is to let alone those few firms who have made a small beginning in one or other of these industries, but to build up alongside them really large publicly-owned enterprises.

For example, in steel there is one Indian steel works, privately owned, producing some 1,000,000 tons of steel a year. The Government is not going to nationalise it, but it is going to produce, from new, publicly owned works, 6,000,000 tons of steel a year in this five-year plan, and 15,000,000 tons a year by the end of the next five-year plan. There is the same pattern in each of the seventeen basic industries which they have now reserved for exclusive further development by the Government. In a way, they are trying to by-pass the whole stage of capitalist development.

No doubt one will either deplore or welcome all this according to one's political opinions. I am a democratic socialist, so naturally I welcome it. But all I am saying here is that it is imperative to realise that this is what is happening in India; and let us realise that it is one of the decisive events going on in the world today.

Let us not get the idea into our heads that the industrialisation of India must harm our trade with her—that it means we shall not be able to sell things to India. It does mean that we shall not be able to sell her the same sort of things as before. Roughly speaking, she will not be much of a market for our consumer goods, for

cotton textiles, for luxuries of any kind. But, on the other hand, her need for capital goods, for machinery, for fertilisers, for steel for ships and machine tools, is going to be gigantic. We have just made the biggest single export sale in the history of Britain. We have just sold India an £80,000,000 steelworks which the British steel industry is going to build in Bengal. I am convinced that this is the pattern of our future export trade with India.

In these fields our opportunities are immense. The Chief Secretary of the Indian Ministry of Production said to me: 'The more we make, the more we find we have to buy'. That always turns out to be true of any rapidly developing country: so it is essential not to make the frightful mistake of supposing that Indian development is against our trading interests. On the contrary, if we seize our opportunities, the new India may not only continue to be one of our great markets, but may become one of our greatest markets.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

PETER FLINN, B.B.C. special correspondent in Cyprus, speaking 'From Our Own Correspondent' about Eoka, said: 'Eoka is a national resistance movement. It is a secret organisation which believes that political aims can be achieved best and quickest by violence. Its full-time members do not number more than one in every 1,000 Greek Cypriots. A principal organiser is a former Greek army officer who ran a similar right-wing organisation in Greece after the last war. Eoka is organised in a series of concentric circles, and he is in the innermost circle, which controls policy and operations.'

Close to this circle is the murder squad, the gunmen who probably number only a score, and plan their operations carefully for the minimum risk and the maximum effect. They kill in crowded streets, hospitals, bars, *cafés*, even a church—places where people are relaxed and unsuspecting. A larger circle, but still a select core, are the skilled mechanics who repair guns and engineer bombs, some in workshop camps in the mountains, some turning and threading water-pipe bomb cases on secret lathes in villages.

'The bomb-users form the next two circles. The more exclusive of these is made up of the ambush parties who are entrusted with the precise use of bombs, particularly the electrically detonated mines, and who carry out planned operations. Outside these are the youths, who are issued with hand grenades with the general instruction to throw them at police and military vehicles, or at permanent stationary targets, such as servicemen's houses. Youths who join in the attacks from time to time make up their own petrol bombs locally. Few of these bombs do harm. In the early days, the most frequently used weapon was the stone, in the hands of school-children. Thanks to Eoka, three-quarters of the Greek Cypriot secondary pupils, youths and girls up to the age of eighteen have not been to school for months. A few weeks ago Eoka could still put a mob of boys and youths on the streets throwing stones. Now, the riot squads move too fast for them. However, the new tactic of putting girls in the forefront undoubtedly caught the security forces unprepared.'

Finally, there is Eoka's powerful propaganda arm, which because of their skill almost deserve the title of psychological warfare. The declared aim is to achieve political ends by violence, to be feared and therefore obeyed; and they have made it known openly that the primary target is and remains the Greek Cypriot who opposes them—the informer and the traitor. Rumour helps; Eoka distributes very few leaflets—the contents pass more quickly, and with embellishment, by word of mouth in this small island.

Nepal between Two Worlds

By IAN STEPHENS

DURING the winter of 1950-51 there were some curious goings-on in the high Himalayas, goings-on which people elsewhere did not pay enough heed to at the time, and for no understandable reasons: that a number of important other things were happening just then—in Korea, for instance; and that news-gathering about countries not only grotesquely mountainous and difficult of access physically, but, for generations, pretty well banned, politically, to foreigners is not too easy. I am referring to Tibet and Nepal. And these two mysterious countries, neighbours, so to speak, on the world's roof-top, have come back into the news again this month, come back in a dramatic though still, characteristically, rather inscrutable, shrouded fashion: Tibet, because of the reported restiveness or insurrection, up there in those vast, high plateaux, against the Chinese Communists; and Nepal, because of the spectacular crowning ceremonies in Katmandu of its young King Mahendra—who is supposed to be also a manifestation of the Deity—and who at present rules his country personally, through a Cabinet of nominees, after attempts at western-style party-government have broken down, temporarily at least.

For me to have put Tibet first might seem fair enough, because of the immensely greater area that that country covers on the map. It is bigger than France and Spain and Portugal all rolled together. But, in point of fact, Nepal has much the bigger population, nearly 8,500,000, as against estimates that vary between 1,250,000 and 3,000,000 in Tibet's case.

Tibet, though, was actually where the goings-on of that curious winter, just over five years ago, began. Full of their success in overrunning, or freeing, the mainland of China proper, the Communists, in October 1950, advanced upon and, after some border fighting or skirmishing, overran and 'liberated', as it was called, Tibet, that landlocked, unimilitary, unworldly, monkishly withdrawn, mysterious roof-top country; a country which possessed good if not wholly convincing arguments, both in history and in its treaty-relationships with foreign countries, for considering itself an independent state.

According to their lights, the leaders of the Chinese Communist Party, established at Peking, were no doubt thoroughly honest in their motivation. Tibet at one time had certainly owed allegiance to China. Its people were of Mongolian if not, strictly speaking, of Chinese stock; and they lived under a theocratic, or feudalistic, form of government obviously now quite out of date. Furthermore, Tibet lay on the Chinese side, the northern side, of the gigantic Himalayan watershed, and thus within the Chinese zone of geopolitical influence. Plainly, too, Tibet ought to be 'protected'



from possible exploitation by outsiders against brave new revolutionary China; protected from any further risk of a military incursion over the southern passes, such as the British imperialists had organised in 1904; and goodness only knew now, with the Korean war actually at this moment raging, what these new-fangled American imperialists might be up to, anywhere on the globe. And of course communism, *ipso facto*, was a good, clean healthy thing to confer on other people, anyway, when one got the chance.



A market in southern Tibet: in the background is the range of mountains on the borders of Nepal

No doubt, too, the Indian Government, the Congress leaders established at Delhi, for their part, were at least equally honest in motivation towards the strange affair of the democratisation of Nepal, which burst upon a startled world within only a few days of the announcement of the Chinese forces' entry into Tibet. To appreciate to the full, however, the truly bizarre quality of that 1950-51 political brew in Katmandu, Nepal's capital, as flavoursome as any such brew that Asia has produced, we shall need, first, a little *rechauffé* of nineteenth-century Nepalese history.

Like Japan in the time of the Shoguns, Nepal, until 1951, had a puppet monarchy; a godly, dynastic rubber-stamp; a king—or Maharajahdiraja—impotent though Divine.

This started in 1816, when an infant King became occupant of the throne. (Nepal, incidentally, seems to make a habit of these perplexing babes. There had been one in 1774; there was another in 1799; and we will hear, we will indeed, of yet one more.) However, on this 1816 occasion, an ambitious military gentleman stood on the scene: General Bhimsena Thapa. He became Regent. Various ups and downs of fortune ensued for himself and his family: palace revolutions, exilings, reappearances. But, by 1846, things had been so fixed up that his efficient great-nephew, Jang Bahadur, became not only the *de facto* ruler of the country, but had legally empowered himself to pass on his rulership hereditarily, just like the hereditary Commanders-in-Chief in Japan. His Majesty the King or Maharajadhiraja, remained, it is true; holy, revered, but politically altogether null and void, a cipher. Jang Bahadur was what, before long, came to be officially designated His Highness the hereditary Maharajah-Prime-Minister of Nepal; and, henceforward, he and his relations, the Rana family, wielded complete administrative authority, claspings in their hard capable hands all the plums and prestige of office.

India, under the Congress Party leadership, became, as we know, independent of British imperialist control in 1947. His Majesty the King of Nepal at that time—living in holy powerlessness—was named Tribhubān. A nice man, it was said—but few people, because of his peculiar position, have ever seen him; youngish, mildly progressive in outlook; not very strong, however. And before long there began to be stirrings to denote that King Tribhubān—father of the present King—might like to be independent, too; independent of the control of the Rana family and, in particular, of the hereditary Maharajah-Prime-Minister personally.

Then, suddenly, the stupefying news broke. King Tribhubān of Nepal, an aspect of the Deity, with his two Queens and a considerable entourage and progeny, had fled from the Royal Palace, and taken refuge, sought political asylum in—of all places—the Embassy of the new, independent India in Katmandu. However, in one vital particular, this scarcely credible break-away had slipped up. By ludicrous inadvertence, in the agitations of the escapade, something had been forgotten, had been left behind in the Palace; something *alive*: a male, royal infant.

For the Maharajah-Prime-Minister, here lay convenient opportunity; here, in this neglected youngest member of the royal brood, lay the obvious means for extricating Nepal, and himself, from a weird dilemma. So, after only a brief interval for reflection and amazement, he had the abandoned baby princeling formally proclaimed King, in replacement of the departed Tribhubān, who, in his view, by fleeing from the Palace to what was technically non-Nepalese soil and appealing to a foreign Power for protection, had effectively exiled himself, and forfeited the crown. That view seemed quite all right to the British—the only foreigners having long training in Nepalese doings. And the Americans, whose Ambassador at Delhi had now got himself accredited to Katmandu as well, concurred. Not so, however, it soon became grimly apparent, the *Indians*. And it was they, after 1947, who, in terms of immediate power and propinquity, alone really counted now.

Looking back, it is easy to appreciate, and for the liberal-minded to sympathise with—in terms, at any rate, of ends, if not altogether of means—the motivation of the western-educated liberal politicians of the brave new India established at Delhi. Naturally, they felt it would be pleasant if Nepal, admittedly an independent country, but their own close neighbour, became democratised. Until the meagre reforms announced from Katmandu in 1947 and '48, which still seemed little better than window-dressing, Nepal had been an unmitigated despotism. And here, in King Tribhubān's convenient choice of their Katmandu Embassy as a refuge (was it possible, one wonders, that their

Ambassador had some foreknowledge of his coming?), in King Tribhubān's convenient revolt against the hereditary Maharajah-Prime-Minister's regime, lay the obvious means of bringing such a clean, healthy change about; of helping to set up a constitutional monarchy; of causing feudalistic, landlocked, out-of-the-world Nepal—which incidentally lay on their side, the southern or Indian side, of the gigantic Himalayan watershed—to be swung into the modernistic, democratic, enlightened orbit of Congress-governed India. And so it was that the world soon learned that King Tribhubān, with the baffled concurrence of the Maharajah-Prime-Minister, had been flown out of Katmandu in

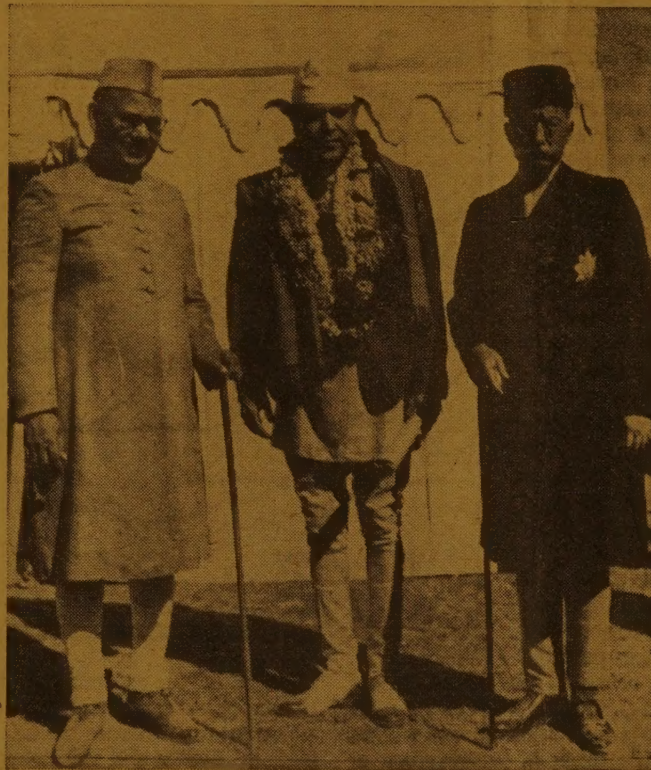
an Indian aircraft, and had been ostentatiously received, with royal honours, by members of the Indian Cabinet on the airfield at Delhi. The whole business could not easily be fitted into any known framework of international usage.

And while this was taking place, things had also been taking place, upsetting things, along Nepal's 500-miles-long southern border: risings, a short way within it, and incursions from Indian territory beyond it, by dissidents opposed to the Rana family, and by supporters of the Nepali Congress Party, which had friendly ties with India's own Congress Party. These insurgents were mainly plainsmen and townsmen; the formidable little hillmen of inner Nepal were not involved. The main rising or incursion, which straddled such main road as then existed between Katmandu and India, was soon crushed; the Maharajah-Prime-Minister sent troops. But he could not so easily send troops to right and to left, to crush incursions or risings far along the Indo-Nepalese border, because there were virtually no roads to send them by. His own and his forebears' policy of keeping Nepal a closed territory, of building almost no communications, so as to preserve the country's seclusion, was now recoiling on him. His opponents could use the

good lateral transport system of India; he had practically none. Soon, the Rana family began to realise that the game was up; that they could not indefinitely withstand the various kinds of pressure being applied. Within three months, Tribhubān was back from Delhi as King once more, a constitutional monarch now, as India wished, pledged to establish democracy where none had been before. The Rana regime was done for.

But the King's democratic pledge proved most difficult to fulfil; and, as stated, his eldest son King Mahendra now rules Nepal personally through a Cabinet that he has himself appointed—which indeed is what King Tribhubān, before he died last year, had felt obliged for a while to do, too. Quarrels between inexperienced Nepalese politicians have virtually smashed Nepal's first ventures in democracy. The nominated Legislative Assembly, set up as forerunner to a real parliament, has been prorogued. No elections have been held so far; and it is not clear when any can be.

Occasional breakdowns have happened in some of India's states or provinces; the Governors have had to take charge. But that has been merely a matter of temporary failure in an established democratic machine. It is different when the machine has never really started. And there are two other factors, distinctive to Nepal, which need considering. First, she is not a country just nominally independent of India. A genuine local patriotism evidently exists, rather like what has been showing itself, of late, to the discomfort of the Chinese, in Tibet. Indians in Nepal, since 1951, have at times found themselves disconcertingly unpopular—though there can be no question of their Government's sincere wish to help. Absurdly, they are in much the same plight as Americans in many countries nowadays: of being the rich foreign givers, the purveyors of material benefits coupled with political ideology, whose superior strength, and perhaps superior airs, are resented; of getting blamed for everything. And the other big factor,



The late King Tribhubān of Nepal (centre), after his return to Katmandu from three months' exile in India in 1950. On the right the Nepalese Prime Minister; on the left, the Indian Ambassador

distinctive to Nepal, is the very thing which we brushed up against just now, in the mention of Tibet: Nepal's position as a borderland poised between two worlds, the communist and the democratic.

Nepal between two worlds. Nepal poised between democratic India and Communist China. It is easy, too easy, to criticise some aspects of India's dealings with her small northern neighbour. You could say—and if you said it in friendliness, and without forgetting the bigger issues, it might be worth saying—that the nature of political power, of statecraft, of expansion or aggrandisement, of imperialism ancient or modern, ideological or otherwise, is always much the same, since it comes from interaction between man's environment, his geography, and his own inner make-up, with its mixture of good and evil. You could say that it is inherent in large, strong Powers, even when professedly anti-imperialist, to dominate small, adjacent ones. And so on.

But this, really, is beside the mark. Nepal between two worlds: there can be no question which of those two worlds is, for us, the better; which of them we, in these islands, ought whole-heartedly to back. India, in Asia, stands for democracy. Her leaders are good men, trained in the parliamentary traditions and liberal principles familiar to us here, and throughout the Commonwealth. They are our friends. It is to our interest, in terms of ideals, and in material ways, too, that Nepal should stay within the Indian orbit; that her broken-down experiment in democracy should not be wholly abandoned; that King

Mahendra, with Indian encouragement, should try afresh. Just at present, the wheel of political evolution seems to have turned almost full circle: from despotism, through attempted democracy, round to despotism again. But it cannot well stay there; not after what happened in 1951. Renewal, under the Royal House, of something analogous to the antique, rigid Rana regime is not feasible, now, in the politically fluid mid-twentieth century, and with Nepal placed where she is on the map.

So long as there is a strong Government at Delhi, total collapse of the present brittle Nepalese structure could not occur. But supposing Delhi became weaker? And supposing weakness at Delhi coincided with increased strength at Peking? The high northern passes are not untraversable; a Chinese army, in 1792, dictated peace within a few miles of Katmandu. Should such a major tilt in the balance of power occur, the prospects for the inhabitants of the northern plains of India—owing to Nepal's geographical position—and, indeed, for Asia and the world, might be horrifying. Those formidable little hill fighters, the Gurkhas, must not be forgotten. Mainly, it is claimed, they are Kshatriya Rajput and Brahmin by origin. Perhaps. But, if so, as anyone with eyes can see, the graft has been fitted on to a remarkably strong Mongolian stock—a fact possibly of interest, even now, to the Chinese. And these little fighters are about the toughest, bravest, most biddable, least imaginative, and in some ways most alarmingly inhuman kind of human being that God ever made.—*Third Programme*

Sweden—the Egalitarian Paradise

By PAUL ANDERSON

THE fifteen minutes I spent waiting for the arrival of the Stockholm night express seemed to me the coldest fifteen minutes I could remember. The place was a railway platform in Malmö, and the time a raw February night. It was not just cold—it hurt. Hatless, in a London raincoat, I was hardly dressed for the occasion; unlike my fellow-passengers, those tall, silent, and serious men in their felt-goloshes, astrakhan caps, and beautifully tailored, fur-lined gabardine coats.

It was all rich, calm, and opulent; very Swedish! Soon, one was rewarded for the coldest fifteen minutes in memory by the luxurious warmth of a Swedish State Railway sleeper, all polished steel, glass, and aluminium; richly carpeted corridors; silently folding seats; thermometers and heat regulators; bright lights; and doors and windows shutting with the satisfying dull click of the doors of a custom-made limousine; in fact, the mixed atmosphere of a luxury hotel and a most expensive private clinic. I went to bed, switching off half a dozen cabin lights.

I had last seen Sweden twenty-two years ago. I knew that I was about to visit a much-changed country, proudly proclaimed as the world's most advanced Welfare State in being. I did not know, however, and could not have imagined, how advanced the world's most perfect Welfare State would turn out to be; for I arrived with my fixed English ideas of modern social legislation and 'welfare statism', and my memories of Sweden twenty-two years out of date.

This will have to be a condensed picture. My first generalisation is this: in the twenty-two years since my last visit, Sweden has become far and away the richest country of Europe—in fact the richest country of the world, in the sense that it has the largest and fastest-rising national income per head of population (not excluding Switzerland and the United States). But let us not talk of wealth in abstract, statistical terms. The individual wealth, as well as the general wealth of the country, are clearly visible. Everything seems brand-new, well made, and of highest quality. The lifts and the door mats; the children's shoes and clothes; the luxurious Swedish glass ashtrays in perfectly ordinary shops; the cutlery in snack bars; the snow-ploughs and the high-powered petrol cars; the ultra-modern designs of furniture and interior decoration; the tram-conductors' and policemen's uniforms; the local butcher shops and the down-town bars, and, above all, the Swedish kitchen and sitting-room—indeed, anything you like to name or imagine, seems to gleam with the sheen of ultra-perfection.

The secret behind this wealth is, basically, two things: first, constant industrial expansion and ever-increasing capital investment to exploit the country's vast natural resources; and, second, long-term economic planning that strives to combine a constant rise of the national income with its most rigorously egalitarian distribution. As a result three other things are conspicuous by their absence: strikes and industrial disputes are exceedingly rare; there are virtually no manufacturers' price rings



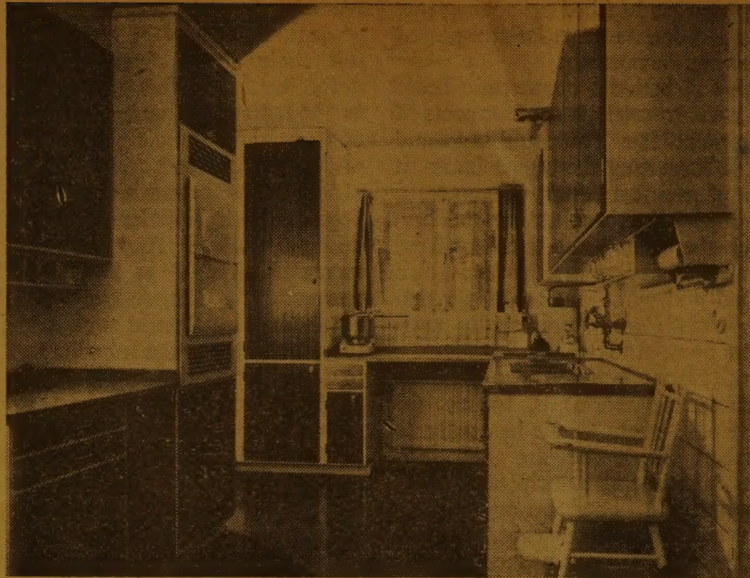
Vaellingby Centre, the new satellite town near Stockholm

or monopolies, and, thirdly, on the part of organised labour there is no sign of restrictive practices, there is no opposition to higher mechanisation, to automation, to 'time and motion studies', or to any other—even the most advanced—form of rationalisation. One tangible result of all this is that during the past year, 1955, the cost of living rose by six per cent. That seems high and almost inflationary. But wages and personal incomes rose by ten per cent., and, in exact accordance with it, rose industrial productivity or the output per man-hour.

As obvious, if not indeed more striking than the obvious national and personal wealth, is the drive towards the greatest possible equality of its distribution. Wealth and riches have now created their own problems—the rush and the competition for still higher standards of living; for still better and airier flats; still more modern schools; still better shopping facilities. Near Stockholm, I inspected Sweden's most advanced attempt to cope with these by-products of an ever-rising standard of living which, in recent years, appears to have risen too fast and too sharply even for the long-term planners. The attempt of which I speak exists in the shape of a brand-new satellite town called Vaellingby Centre. It is unlike any satellite town that we have seen in Britain or western Europe, and is, when all is said, a somewhat breathtaking social experiment.

Built in three years, to house between 25,000 and 30,000 people, this new city of Vaellingby rises out of rocky, pine-covered ground like the dream city of a science-fiction film. There is an outer belt of pretty one-family bungalows surrounding a group of ten-storey blocks of flats. The core of Vaellingby is the business and shopping centre: not, as you might think, a collection of mere necessities, such as butcher, baker, and grocer, but shops of every description—hair-stylists and toy-shops; fashion accessories and haberdasheries; hardware stores and chemists; garages; book-shops, cafés, tea-shops, branches of all banks; but also some of Stockholm's most exclusive jewellers and furriers. There are meeting halls, youth centres, kindergartens, and a magnificent health centre, with specialists' consulting rooms on the first floor. A church, a huge cinema, and a theatre (with a stage fit for grand opera) are still being built and now nearly complete. There is a modest-priced, if most luxuriously decorated, communal canteen; but also a Vaellingby branch of one of Stockholm's most expensive restaurants. And there is, of course, the inevitable agency for Germany's Volkswagen.

In the restaurant, you may sit behind a huge wall of glass and eat,



A Swedish kitchen 'seems to gleam with the sheen of ultra-perfection'

housewives doing their shopping in utmost comfort and leisure; the men parking their cars outside offices and factories; the distant timber bungalows, all centrally heated from one central power station—and you may well say to yourself 'The future has already happened'.

You may ask: 'Is everybody happy in this gilded, germ-free egalitarian paradise?' Yes and no. An old and famous Swedish Socialist told me firmly 'No', and added: 'Of course I shouldn't tell you, but it's the truth. Life seems to have become empty and void of purpose. The normal tensions of society have disappeared. But man cannot live without tension. People have lost their religion and our workers' movement—well, it has long ceased to be a movement that once inspired men to fight for a better world for their children. We now find that people replace the normal fears and tensions of the normal battle of life by artificial fears and by personal tensions—by neurosis'.

Is this an over-pessimistic view? It is hard to say. But when I visited a house-painter's bungalow at 11.15 in the morning, and found a working woman's home looking like so many colour advertisements out of a magazine—in excellent taste, I admit, but almost as if no human being had ever lived in it—I wondered what that woman would do with the rest of her day. Would she just sit there, admiring her Finnish beech-wood furniture, her Picasso prints and her all-electric kitchen, and be quietly happy for the next seven hours? Or would she, as my friend put it, replace the normal worries and anxieties of life by highly artificial, personal, neurotic anxieties? I leave the question open. But the most surprising fact, perhaps, of the Most Advanced Welfare State in Being is that last year's figure of suicides exceeded the annual toll of fatal road casualties.—Home Service

Aspects of Africa

Techniques of Social Control in South Africa

By LEO KUPER

CRITICS of the South African Government often say that it has no plan for race relations, that it is groping in the dark, or hitting out blindly. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Government is trying to control social change so as to ensure that white domination will continue for as long as possible, and its techniques are most carefully planned, according to basic sociological principles. The plan, may, of course, miscarry, but that is another matter. There is a plan and a well-conceived plan at that.

This can best be shown by taking in chronological order five of the main *apartheid* laws passed by the present Government in its first two years of office. There was the Act of 1949, prohibiting marriage between white and non-white; the Immorality Amendment Act of 1950, which makes 'illicit carnal intercourse' between white and non-white a

criminal offence; the Population Registration Act of 1950, which lays down the administrative basis for the separation of the races; the Group Areas Act of 1950, for the physical segregation of whites, Natives, and Coloureds—by compulsion if necessary, and, finally, the Suppression of Communism Act, also of 1950, which suppresses a good deal more than Communism. (Incidentally I am using the word 'Native' throughout, rather than 'African', which I prefer, because that is the term used in the legislation which is the subject of my talk.)

Under the Group Areas Act the Governor-General is given the power to break down the Natives and Coloureds, but not the whites, into sub-groups for purposes of segregation. Already Indian, Chinese, and Malay have been split off from the Coloureds and the indications are that the Natives will be divided into at least three language groups, and more

where conditions permit. Every person will be registered and racially classified into white, Coloured, and Native or subdivisions of Coloured and Native. The racial identity of each individual, from birth to death, will be stamped indelibly in the Population Register.

Is there any pattern in this sequence of laws? Do they in fact help to maintain white domination? We can answer this question by asking whether these laws meet the dangers which threaten white domination. The first threat, that the white group might lose its identity through intermarriage, is largely removed by the Prohibition of Mixed Marriages Act. There are four officially recognised races in South Africa (European, Coloured, Asiatic, and Native) and the Act allows intermarriage between three of them, that is between the non-white groups, so that its real purpose cannot be to promote racial purity, as stated by the Minister of Interior, but rather to prevent a merging of whites with the non-whites. With the assistance of the Population Registration Act, attempted 'passing' as white over the generations becomes impossible. Miscegenation, which is a more serious threat to race identity, has a long tradition in South Africa, and traditions do not disappear immediately by legal fiat. Miscegenation will certainly continue, though at a more subdued pace as a result of the heavy penalties imposed under the Immorality Amendment Act. And the Population Registration Act will help the police to control illicit carnal intercourse by the system of identity cards. In these two laws, then, the Government has tried to meet the danger that white domination may be undermined by race intermixture.

Splits in the Native Group

The second danger is in the numerical preponderance of the non-whites. It is a threat, however, only if the non-whites, or at any rate the Natives, are united. And they are far from united. Tribal loyalties and language differences split the Native group, and Coloureds, Indians, and Natives are still somewhat at arm's length. If language and racial differences can be used as a basis for social organisation in such a way as to break down the non-whites into small, separate cohesive groups, of Indian, Chinese, Malay, Coloured, Zulu, Xosa, Tswana, Venda, Suto, and so on, then obviously the numerical advantage disappears. Indeed the Afrikaners, or at any rate the whites, might very well become the largest bloc in the country.

The Group Areas Act gives the Governor-General the necessary power to sub-divide Coloureds and Natives, but not the whites. Sociologically speaking, the reason for this is that the living together of members of a group in separation from other groups may be expected to build community sentiment; the stronger the communal sentiment of each of the non-white groups, the greater their inability to unite against the white man. There can certainly be no doubt of this explanation if we take into account the use of the tribal authority as a basis for organisation under the Bantu Authorities Act, of 1951, and the extension of teaching through the medium of the vernacular languages under the Bantu Education Act of 1953. If my interpretation is rejected, then we must assume that it is sheer accident that the Government has passed a series of laws to discount the numerical advantage of the non-whites and that the Government has discriminated against the whites by withholding from the Afrikaner, English, and Jewish populations the privilege of communal living. We must also conclude that a Government pledged to white domination has overlooked the fact that the whites are outnumbered by four to one.

The third danger is that whites may lose the taste for domination, that they may not want it any longer. This probably seems far-fetched. Yet there is increasing contact between the races as a result of industrial expansion and of higher standards of living and of education among the non-whites. Class differences and race differences are no longer synonymous, and people of different race can meet more easily as equals. It is no fantasy to suggest that this change might undermine the taste for domination. We have only to think of American experiments in the opposite direction, to reduce race prejudice by bringing together whites and Negroes on a basis of equality. When people meet intimately, as equals, they begin to see each other as individuals and not as representatives of a racial group: race stereotypes crumble, and with them the race prejudices they sustain. This is the theory, at any rate, and there is sufficient evidence for it to be taken seriously even in South Africa.

Intimate equal contact between white and non-white will now become increasingly difficult. The Prohibition of Mixed Marriages Act outlaws the contacts of greatest intimacy, between the sexes, while the Group Areas Act will prevent contacts of great potential intimacy, those between neighbours. Segregation in the schools was fairly complete

when the Nationalist Party took office, apart from two main deviants, the Universities of Cape Town and of the Witwatersrand. Their correction is on the government agenda, and has been for some time. Interracial fraternisation, in the sense of pure sociability, does take place to a small extent, and is difficult to control by law. When the racial groups are all carefully segregated into separate areas under the Group Areas Act, fraternisation will become decidedly embarrassing, but ultimately the only effective control is by a vigilant public opinion, and through the press. It is already at work. Pictures, for example, of white and non-white sitting together at meetings have perennial news value in many of the government-supporting newspapers.

These laws and actions could be interpreted as a blind expression of prejudice, rather than the working out of sociological techniques of control. The argument would be that members of the Nationalist Party feel a deep antagonism toward the non-whites, which they show by removing the possibility of intimate contact. It is natural then that they should start with the most intimate, and for them the most repugnant, contacts, those of sex, and then go on to the less intimate relations of neighbours and schoolmates. Whether there is truth or not in this interpretation, it is in any case an incomplete one, as we can readily see by analysing government statements. When the Minister of Interior introduced the Group Areas Bill to parliament, he rested his argument on a sociological theory of contact between different races, and he linked white domination with the reduction of points of contact to the minimum:

Points of contact inevitably produce friction and friction generates heat which may lead to a conflagration. It is our duty therefore to reduce these points of contact to the absolute minimum which public opinion is prepared to accept. The paramountcy of the white man and of western civilisation in South Africa must be ensured in the interests of the material cultural and spiritual development of all races.

Opinion is divided on what is the absolute minimum of contact, and some supporters of the Government favour total separation. Most observers would agree, however, that this is not government policy and that the Government rejects it as impracticable in the immediate future. When we look at the actual situation, we find that the employment of non-white domestic servants and industrial workers, and the contact between white and non-white in commerce, are relatively unaffected, though there are projected changes in these fields. The important point is that the Government chose first to control those contacts where people of different races can meet as intimate equals. Surely this is the Government's counter to the increasing contact between the races, and its answer to the American experiments, which are well known to anyone interested in race relations and certainly a commonplace to the Government's theoreticians. Consider what the position would be if the Government's plans are carried out. Generally, in almost every situation in which a white man meets a non-white, it will be as a superior. The daily experience of superiority will reinforce the sentiment of superiority, and an inflated feeling of superiority will demand demonstrations of inequality in practice. Each will feed on the other, and the urge for domination become stronger and more deeply rooted in daily experience.

But all these carefully laid plans could be swept aside, if they did not rest on the solid foundations of power—the power that is to control all the means of social change. Control over legal means is secured by a monopoly of legislative power, while control over illegal means is based on the Suppression of Communism Act.

Technique for the Monopoly of Power

The technique for the monopoly of power is the removal of non-white affairs from politics to administration. Non-whites are to be administered: they must not exert political pressure. The Native Labour (Settlement of Disputes) Act of 1953, provides a model for this technique in the field of labour. Since, according to the Minister of Labour, the white group would probably be committing race suicide if it gave recognition to Native trade unions, the Act provides the alternative machinery of regional Native Labour Committees and a Central Native Labour Board. All negotiations with employers are by white persons, either the white chairman of the regional committee and an inspector of labour, or the all-white national board. If the national board takes up a dispute, it contacts the Industrial Council, which has no Native members, and it may appeal against the Council's recommendations to the Minister of Labour. There is no direct link between employers and organised Native workers. Disputes over conditions of Native employ-

(continued on page 726)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

A Famous Regiment

THE Grenadier Guards this week celebrate the 300th anniversary of the foundation of the regiment. It traces its origin to a royal guard formed for King Charles II when he was in exile at Bruges in 1656. It was not until July, 1815, after it had taken part in the battle of Waterloo, that its title was officially altered to the First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards, which it has remained until this day. The Coldstream is in fact older, since it originated in a regiment formed by Cromwell for Colonel George Monck when they were both on the way to Scotland in 1650. In any case each regiment has a great history and some noble traditions. The Grenadiers fought under the first Duke of Marlborough in all the big battles of the war of the Spanish succession (Sir Winston Churchill dedicated his book on Marlborough to the regiment.) It also fought against Napoleon's armies in the Peninsular campaigns and in the Crimean war. During the last war came a strange turn in its history when its battalions formed part of Guards armoured brigades.

To be an officer in the Grenadier Guards has long been a mark of social distinction: to be a member of its Mess has been comparable, in a different field, with belonging to the Senior Common Room at a wealthy Oxford or Cambridge college. Mess bills have been commensurate, and in the old days a young gentleman needed private means to take a commission in the regiment. Equally a Guardsman had to be a six-footer. In war time, however, these high standards were lowered. Nevertheless the utmost was done to preserve the traditions of the regiment. Journalists and authors who accidentally drifted into its ranks were wont to be witty about it (at any rate in the aftermath). It was naturally difficult to persuade the call-up men and others who had enlisted in a patriotic flush that the most urgent thing in time of war was not to get at the enemy but to master the ceremonies and *mystique* of the regiment. Mounting guard duty at Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace according to the old rites seemed somewhat remote from the realities of a war that initially at least was dominated by heavy bombers and tanks. When a sergeant major at Caterham barracks tried to bring down a German aeroplane with a practice rifle at least he showed that the spirit was willing. And before the war was over the foot sloggers came into their own again. Spit-and-polish remained more-over the emblem of *esprit de corps*.

It is easy enough to be funny at the expense of the Guards traditions, especially in time of peace. To say 'Sir' instead of the affirmative, to mark time at the double when 'put on a charge' or to be placed 'under open arrest' for 'being idle on parade', even to 'square-bash' with a bang of the foot or salute electrically, might seem odd in a world of welfare-statesmanship and a peeping-Tom press. Nor in war did the kind of paternal comfort derived from the chaplain who preached the virtues of discipline in the regimental chapel or the R.S.M. who told recruits how to keep out of trouble in strange lands always reconcile new soldiers to 2s. a day in pay less deductions for the regimental sports fund. However most of that—together with the abolition of such punishments as 'pack drill'—belongs to the past of the British army. At its prime when the Grenadiers marched in perfect precision and fought under the leadership of their officers to the last man and the last round, who could deny that the system of aristocratic soldiering produced results? Few would pretend—or even perhaps desire—that the British army is what it was once. But let us salute the memories of a famous regiment.

What They Are Saying

Soviet broadcasts on disarmament

SOVIET AND SATELLITE COMMENT last week was fairly evenly divided between the decision to reduce the Soviet armed forces and the Franco-Soviet talks at Moscow. A Moscow Home Service commentator claimed that the decision reflected as well as promoted an improvement in the international atmosphere, and that the idea of preparing an 'acceptable' reply was gaining ground in United States political circles. He went on:

In the last few days obviously inspired reports began to circulate in Washington about some extremely important disarmament plan which the United States is to publish in June. Details of the plan are being kept secret; but the International News Service says naively that it is designed to neutralise the impression made abroad by the sensational reduction in the Soviet armed forces. It is no use trying to guess beforehand what the new American plan will be like and whether it will help, as promised, to remove the London talks deadlock. Yet the very fact is revealing that a new and extremely important disarmament plan should be discussed in Washington following the Soviet Government's decision—that is, in order to neutralise the impression it has created. This proves once again the historic importance of the Soviet initiative, despite everything Dulles may say. It must be very great if it has even roused the American disarmament experts from their slumbers.

The speaker castigated the western critics who had blamed the Soviet Union for doubting the practicability of international control:

If it were possible to announce such a considerable demobilisation and then evade it, the western countries would probably have done so long ago. Such promises have to be implemented. The U.S.S.R.'s honest attitude towards its international obligations has long been demonstrated beyond any shadow of doubt. Moreover, the economic and political advantages offered by a cut in the armed forces are so obvious as to leave no room for doubt.

The same commentator complained that some western observers had seen fit to conclude from the Soviet decision that Red Army soldiers would be demobilised only to be employed in the intensified production of nuclear weapons; he had this to say on this point:

This artificial and unfounded argument is not sympathetically received among the public either. It appears particularly unconvincing coming as it does from a representative (Dulles) of the very country which is openly relying on nuclear weapons and which, despite the protests of public opinion, is now carrying out hydrogen-bomb tests in the Pacific area.

As to Britain's reaction to the Soviet decision, another commentator referred to increasing public pressure for disarmament measures:

Evidently considering it necessary to respond to the Soviet Government's new peace initiative, the British Government announced that the call-up of Grade III national servicemen would be discontinued. Such token measures cannot satisfy the British public's legitimate demands.

Satellite comment on the same subject has followed closely the line taken by Moscow. A Warsaw commentator stated that the Soviet 'offensive' of peaceful political moves was generating differences of opinion in American ruling circles, and that:

A substantial group of political leaders now realises that the United States stands to lose a great deal if changes in the world situation occur irrespective of her attitude. Not so long ago such views were considered as dangerous heresies. A great nation like the United States cannot remain unaffected by the mighty and salutary currents now sweeping the world; they are affecting the United States more slowly than other countries, and U.S. policy has shown no actual changes. But a gradual evolution of opinion is beginning to take shape in the United States too.

The Soviet radio gave full and prompt coverage to the *communiqué* released after the conclusion of the Soviet-French talks, and its commentators were at pains to stress the most favourable aspects of the deliberations. One of them said that neither side had set out to 'find an immediate and final solution to the most important international problems', since this required agreed decisions by all interested powers, and since existing differences could not be resolved in a few days. The Soviet Government had

explained its position on questions such as the policy of military and separate alliances in western Europe and the Near East and the remilitarisation of western Germany which, it is convinced, run counter to the interests of consolidating universal peace . . . The enemies of French-Soviet friendship, who forecast the failure of the Moscow talks, are once again in the predicament of politicians left at the tail-end of historical developments.

Did You Hear That?

CELEBRATING THE BUDDHA JAYANTI

'UNDER THE full moon of May, 2,500 years ago, an Indian Prince, as a young man, attained supreme Enlightenment, and passed from earth into Parinirvana, which may be described as a state of unfettered universal consciousness in which the illusion of a separate self is dead. The mind is freed and therefore returns to birth no more. Two other events took place under the full moon of May; his birth, for his last incarnation on earth, and his Enlightenment, when, at the age of thirty-five, after long austerities he broke through the mind-barrier of illusion. So these three dates in the life of the Buddha, which means the Fully-awakened one, are celebrated on one day, and this, the Festival of Wesak, is the most important in the Buddhist year.

'Last week saw the opening of a whole year of special celebration in all parts of the world, including international conferences and exhibitions, the publication of special editions of the Buddhist scriptures, the founding of new buildings, and the restoration of sites which were famous throughout the civilised world 500 years B.C. All these places derive their importance from the fact that a man called Gautama Siddhartha achieved supreme Enlightenment on earth. If this is indeed true, it was a historical event of profound importance. And the record of Buddhism as a force for peace, for the production of art, for the development of all the faculties of the human mind seems to Buddhists to show that the claims of its founder were true.

'Buddhism was born in India, but rapidly spread to Ceylon, Burma, and Thailand. Later, developed by the Indian mind, it passed north into Tibet and Mongolia, and east along the old trade routes into China, Korea, and Japan. When this developed form is added to the older form of the teaching which is a moral philosophy, simple, practical, to be used by all, Buddhism is seen to be one of the widest fields of thought in the history of mankind. In the course of time, the teaching travelled west. Several of the schools of wisdom in the near east at the time of Christ were influenced by Buddhist thought, but only within living memory has Buddhism as a way of life been introduced to Europe. In 1908, an Englishman who had taken the Yellow Robe of the Buddhist Order of Bhikkhus, whose members are now becoming a common sight in London, arrived in England at the head of a mission sponsored by Rangoon and formed a Buddhist Society. Its successor is the Buddhist Society of today, which is organising the London celebrations of Buddha Jayanti, as the coming year will be called.

'What, then, is Buddhism? It is primarily a way of life which aims at an ideal, the end of suffering. It is a way trodden through lives of effort, which leads from separation to reunion, from the fretful desires of a separate self to that cool serenity of heart

and mind which is born when self, and the fierce desires of self, are dead. The Buddha may well be described as history's first scientist. He looked at things as they are. He saw that life on earth is inseparable from pain; for all things, large and small, are changing, and in our folly we resist that change and refuse to accept that the thing we call a soul is no more permanent than any other thing. This complex bundle of characteristics which we so grandly call a soul is itself, as Buddhists see it, in a state of flux, changing for the better if it

moves towards the Indivisible Namelessness of which the universe is an expression, or for the worse away into the darkness of separation, just as the individual decides.

A path lies from our present imperfection to a distant perfection, a noble Eightfold Path. It is a way of noble living which culminates, after a long process of mind development, in Nirvana, the death of difference, the awareness of the Oneness of all life.

'Buddhism is not then a religion in the ordinary sense of the term. The Buddha was a man, a guide if you will, but no God. Buddhism has no church, and it leaves Reality unnamed. The Buddhist equivalent of a personal God is Karma, the impersonal law of cause and effect. "As you sow so shall ye reap", said St. Paul, and Buddhism agrees. We can make our character, and hence our circumstance, just as we would have it be, even as, by past thought and action, we made it what it is today.

'Buddhists do not believe that that which seeks liberation came into being at the body's birth and dies to stand for judgement, an hour, or a year, or eighty years later. Life is one, says the Buddhist, and in the long road to its total perfection it uses and destroys innumerable forms.

'But if life is one, all forms of life, from a saint to a blade of grass, are brothers, and compassion is as much a law of life as the law of gravity, or the law of cause and effect'.

TELEVISION IN INDUSTRY

Most people think of television as a thing for the home or sometimes for the public house, but certainly not for the power station. But the B.B.C.'s industrial correspondent, BERTRAM MYCOCK, has been to see just that, and he spoke about it in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'Power-station boilers are becoming so big', he said, 'that supervising them by the old method of looking through peepholes is now almost as out of date as the old method of stoking them with a shovel. A power-station boiler is often as tall as a six-storey building, and to keep an eye on the burners is not only an arduous job but a difficult one as well, and there are serious risks of explosion if supervision falls below a certain standard. A complete tour of inspection may take half an hour and may involve climbing more than 100 feet of galleries and ladders.



Buddhist monks taking part in a service held in London on May 24 to celebrate the 2,500th anniversary of the supreme events in the life of Buddha



A commemorative postage stamp issued by the Indian Government depicts the Bo tree, under which Buddha attained Enlightenment

The answer is a periscope to look inside the boiler, a television camera attached to it, and a screen to tell you what they see.

'At Barking power-station in east London, on a large television screen, I have been watching how the burners in the boiler behave. The periscope has to be water cooled, and it has to have a stream of compressed air flowing across it to keep the mirrors free from ash. It has been a considerable technical achievement, and the set I saw is only a prototype, but it obviously has great possibilities for many industries. Indeed it owes a great deal of its development to the steel industry and its research men. They have been using something similar to find out just what happens inside a steel furnace of the open-hearth type. Under present conditions the furnace has to be relined about once every three weeks and every time it costs about £5,000, so anything that the periscope and television camera can show them that will lead to a longer life for the furnace lining is useful to the steel industry. The next thing will be colour television, because judgement of colour in furnaces is one of the vital things that only the craftsman fully appreciates'.

QUACKS AND CHARLATANS

JAMES HARRIS spoke about quacks and charlatans of fifty years ago in a talk in 'Window on the West'. 'Undoubtedly the greatest of all quacks was Sequah', he said. 'I remember as a youngster seeing him in Bristol at what was then known as the horse fair. A dark, well-built man, his long hair draped over his shoulders, he stood on a platform surrounded by naphtha flares, while his brass band played the well-known Sankey hymn, "The Great Physician now is here". Then he invited those suffering from tooth-ache to have their teeth extracted free of charge. The victim was seated in a chair, and Sequah, with magnificent gestures and flourishes, commenced operations. He used no anaesthetics. At the moment he applied pressure on the forceps and the unfortunate patient began to yell, the drums and trombones in the band came out with a loud roar, drowning all cries. With the ground now carefully prepared, Sequah introduced his elixirs and cure-alls. Listing a long string of ailments and diseases his coloured and flavoured water would cure, he would end up by declaring that there was no ailment under the sun, from flat feet to water on the brain, that his elixir would not cure. Meanwhile, his assistants were kept busy handing out the rubbish and drawing in the money.

'Another was the Negro Captain Marco. His special feat was placing his head in the jaws of a lion. Everyone knew that the poor old lion had not a tooth in its head. But Marco knew how to draw in the crowds. As he stood on a raised platform before his marquee, his breast covered with medals, a circus hand would rush from the tent and dramatically exclaim: "The lion's gone mad! Don't go in tonight, Marco! You'll be torn to shreds!" Assuming a dramatic pose, Marco declared: "I will not disappoint my public! Prepare the red-hot irons, and I will enter the cage even though death awaits me". Then stepping down from the platform, Marco strode majestically into the tent, and the crowd poured in behind him.

'In the far corner of the cage sat the poor old lion, looking the picture of dejection. The red-hot irons were duly lying handy in a coke brazier, but they were certainly not required for quelling the ferocity of the animal, but rather for arousing him from his torpor. Amid the loud shouts of his assistants, and the thrusting towards the old lion of the red-hot irons, Marco entered the cage, fired a couple of blank rounds from his revolver, then gently opened the toothless jaws

of the animal, and quietly placed his head in the gaping mouth. Then, with the lion yawning with boredom and age, Marco left the cage to the loud applause of the enraptured audience'.

A MEDIEVAL MAISON DIEU

A thirteenth-century hospital, or Maison Dieu, in the village of Ospringe, near Faversham, Kent, has recently been converted into a museum. RONALD ROBSON, a B.B.C. reporter, speaking about it in 'The Eye-witness', said: "'Mason Dew" is the anglicised version of the French Maison Dieu—House of God—for Maison Dieu was one of the buildings of a hospital founded about the year 1234 by King Henry II and dedicated to St. Mary. Maison Dieu was a common name for hospitals in the Middle Ages, when a hospital was not only a place where sick people were given treatment and then discharged, but a place of permanent refuge for the aged and for the infirm poor, and a place of shelter for travellers.

'Such hospitals were usually found on a main road and Ospringe was, and is, on a main road—the Roman road, Watling Street—from Dover to London. All that remains of the original hospital are two stone buildings on the south side of the road, and it is one of these which has been taken over and restored by the Ministry of Works and is now open to the public.

'It is interesting to speculate on what the stones of the flint rubble walls could tell if only they could speak. Maison Dieu, in addition to being a hospital, provided a halting place for the king and his suite. King Edward I stayed there several times; King Edward II stayed there on his journey to fetch his bride, Isabella, in 1308; and King John of France lodged there in 1360 on his way to London as a prisoner.

'But by that time the prosperity of the hospital was declining; it had been mismanaged. Eventually, one warden became an outlaw and the regular brethren died out. The old walls have seen the coming and going of kings and courtiers, of outlaws and ecclesiastics and pilgrims making their long and wearying journeys to and from the



The thirteenth-century Maison Dieu at Ospringe, near Faversham, Kent, which has recently been converted into a museum

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shrine of St. Thomas Becket of Canterbury.

'But Watling Street felt the tread of other feet long before Maison Dieu was built. Along this road marched the Roman legions, and the Romans had a settlement of some kind at Ospringe from the late first century to the end of the fourth. Now, Maison Dieu houses relics of that period: Roman pottery, bronze and bone pins, jet ornaments and even a well-preserved skull. So this one building contains items of interest spanning a period of more than 1,600 years. There is a Tudor fireplace and a fine sixteenth-century ceiling with moulded beams and ornamental plaster infilling. The large upper chamber, which contains the Roman relics, has a fine kingpost roof, but Maison Dieu, I thought, was worth seeing for its setting alone.

'This is hop garden country, with the new hop-bines, now about two feet high, planted right up to the wall of the churchyard of the parish church of Peter and Paul, which dates from 1086. From somewhere round the back of the church runs a brawling stream, at first through fields and past orchards, then, surprisingly, out on to a road called, not surprisingly, Water Lane. And it is at the end of this road, where the brook now plunges under the tar macadam, but where once there was a ford on Watling Street—where doubtless the Roman legionaries quenched their thirst on the march to Londinium—that Maison Dieu stands to welcome travellers again as it did 600 and 700 years ago'.

Canadian Notes and Impressions

The first of two talks by J. B. PRIESTLEY

I WAS invited to go by the Canadian Association of Adult Education. It is celebrating its twenty-first birthday this year; my visit was part of the celebrations. My chief job was to lead five public discussions—in Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Ottawa, and Toronto—which would be used afterwards as radio programmes by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. I also did a number of television programmes, together with radio and newspaper interviews, wherever I went. It was, as the Canadians say, 'a rugged trip'. In addition to all these activities, it involved from London back to London about 12,000 miles of flying. The trouble about flying is that it not only brings groups of public engagements closer together but also banishes the easy relaxation of travel by ship and train. I can only hope that no obvious sign of exhaustion can be discovered in these notes and impressions.

I decided to fly from London to Montreal on Friday, April 13, hoping that a Friday the thirteenth would keep away many passengers. I have never crossed the Atlantic on an emptier plane; we did it in one hop from London Airport to Montreal, and arrived hours early, just as dawn was breaking, and the air seemed wonderfully fresh. Perhaps the best thing about the North American Continent is its clean reviving air, better than ours, perhaps, because there is in it less of the dust of history. I have never yet arrived in Canada or the United States without feeling this sudden intoxication of the lungs, this electric influence of the atmosphere, so stimulating at first, often so nervously exhausting before you have done with it.

In Toronto, a city I have visited several times, I spent two or three days, in theory

resting after the transatlantic flight but actually coping with a rush of engagements, including three television programmes and a literary lunch. At this lunch I ran into trouble, for at the end of it the chairman announced that I would autograph a pile of books waiting to be sold, and I announced I would do nothing of the kind. I have always disliked



Vancouver seen from the air



Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, with (centre) the Peace Tower

this wholesale autographing of books, as the organisers of the lunch could have easily discovered if they had merely asked me or my publishers what my feelings were. It was they who were discourteous, not I, but the columnists in the local newspapers heaped abuse on me, calling me ill-mannered, spoilt, even 'putrid'. The news agency flashed these tirades across the continent, at first to my dismay and indignation, until I found out that the other cities disliked Toronto so much that my apparent quarrel with it, all invented by the press, made me something of a hero everywhere else.

Our first public discussion was in Vancouver, so I had to fly there from Toronto, a long, long flight and not easy to endure for at my end of the plane were five young children, who never slept but pushed, banged, shouted, screamed, across uncountable leagues of still half-frozen prairie, in which, as you look at it from the air, there is hardly a glimpse of man and his works. I had crossed Canada before, by train then, twenty-five years ago. Vancouver seemed at least twice the size it was in my memory; a city even more nobly sited than my old favourite, San Francisco, and with something of the same atmosphere but lacking the colour, the splendid amenities, the rollicking and raffish air, of the American city. But the University of Vancouver, where our discussion was enthusiastically received, has the best situation, close to the sea and yet among trees, of any university I know. The city itself, rich and rapidly growing, should devote more of its wealth to the arts and urban pleasures. One of its tycoons, over lunch, defended

the lack of these by declaring that he and his fellow citizens were still in the pioneering stage of development, evidently regarding the transmission of television programmes as yet another rough pioneering activity. I spent the only restful day of the whole trip, a Sunday, too, in and near Victoria, which used to be as determinedly English as the English actors who remain in Hollywood; but even here, in the stronghold of the Union Jack, American influence, all-powerful in Vancouver, could be discovered everywhere. However, the soft sunshine of the Pacific coast, a sunshine unlike any other and a world away from the harsh weather of the prairie provinces, smiled on me for a few days, bringing me new friends.

Our next performance, packed beyond the doors, was at Edmonton, now the capital of the oil regions, and a small town hastily transformed into a very big town, magnificently situated on its river but still unplanned and rather ramshackle—an ugly place but filled with lively, friendly people, as ugly places so often are. It seemed to me—though these are nothing but hasty first impressions—rather warmer in feeling, gayer at heart, than our next stop, the prairie capital, Winnipeg. But here, where there had been innumerable flood warnings and there were still flurries of snow, we had the only audience smaller than we anticipated. But here, too, in the middle of the vast prairie, I found myself after our performance in a house crammed with fine pictures, by Monet, Degas, Bonnard, Rouault, Dufy, and the rest, as well as some Canadian work, marked mostly by strong and hard colour and simplified design, landscapes rather like posters—but good posters. What excited me most, however, was visiting the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company to look at their collection of Eskimo carvings. These astonishing works, small and carved out of soapstone, had a depth of form and purity of line that made me swear that if I were a Canadian I would buy them all, corner the lot, against the time, only a few years hence, when the Eskimo, under our influence, will have lost his miraculous touch. It has happened already to the Potlatch Indians in British Columbia, who had a brief wonderful flowering, carving great totem poles magnificent in design and colouring. How strange it is that in two far-removed corners of this vast half-tamed wilderness such original and powerful art should have flourished, quite suddenly, since the arrival of white men. It is as if the average Canadian's feeling for art, buried in him too deep to be easily released, was set free and given masterly expression by these older and more primitive inhabitants of his country; as if the hidden bright face of the Puritan had been uncovered by these Indian and Eskimo hands.

Ottawa looked far less American than the other cities, if only because it has certain features suggesting our own Westminster—Big Ben and all. These brought no tears to my eyes, but it was pleasant

to see some turf again and the spring flowers breaking through. As we made our way to the cinema borrowed for that evening for our discussion, the rain was torrential and the streets were disappearing under great pools. This was a city of politicians and civil servants, and my topic that night was really a protest on behalf of the individual against the increasing power of the state, which was to be defended by a distinguished professor of history and a senior official of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The outlook, I felt, was anything but bright. But in fact we had one of our best evenings, and if that audience really did consist of civil servants, then they were having very much of a night off.

Then back to Toronto, where I had been denounced so fiercely two weeks before—one columnist said I ought to have been 'slugged with a pitcher of cream', which is Americanese for a jug of milk—and where I expected further outbursts. But no, all went well, and I even sat next to the columnist who favoured slugging me, in a television discussion programme; and our final debating performance was enormous fun, thanks largely to the support I had from the opposing debaters, Mr. Ira Dilworth of the C.B.C. and that excellent writer Robertson Davies. This final discussion took place in the Crest Theatre, a playhouse made out of a cinema and part of an enterprise to give Toronto a good professional repertory theatre. Canadians make good actors and actresses—many of them have come here or gone to the States and have established fine reputations—but it is not surprising that Canada has taken so long developing its own professional theatres. (It has had a strong amateur movement for many years.) What has defeated it so far is not so much the lurking puritanism, which makes official patronage uncertain, as the difficult geography of the country, which has its cities so widely spaced, making touring difficult and expensive, and readily divides itself into regional blocks separated by mountains, vast lakes, enormous tracts of prairie or wilderness. Though I cannot take seriously any claims to pioneering made by wealthy industrialists lurching in exclusive clubs—incidentally, the clubs there are unusually good—the fact remains that Canadian cities like Vancouver are really still on the edge of wild country, where life can be rough indeed. A man can take part in a television programme and then return to something like a log cabin. Air services, which are good but tend to be overcrowded, are threading the cities together and making accessible the remoter and wilder parts of this colossal continent, potentially, in spite of its severe climate, one of the richest on the globe. Before I went—and it was my chief reason for going—I suspected that Canada now finds itself in a situation of peculiar interest to the rest of us in the Commonwealth. I was right, and I propose to explain why in my next talk.—*Home Service*

Laurence Oliphant: A Rich Victorian Eccentric

The first talk by A. P. RYAN on three non-conventionalists

MUCH is heard of people being affected throughout their lives by an unhappy childhood, broken homes, parents who do not get on together, and so on. The strange man I am going to discuss here had his personality remarkably twisted and his whole career conditioned by the fact that he came from an ideally happy home with parents who were devoted to one another and to him, and to whom he was devoted. Do not assume from this, as you well may, that he was just a spoilt child. His parents were conscientious and devoutly pious evangelicals, and he learnt from them, and never forgot, that religion is the most important thing in life. All the same, his family background set him off on an astonishing pilgrimage.

I am always interested in men and women who make a name in their own generation but who, for one reason or another, fail to remain in memory after they are dead. History is rich in such types and Laurence Oliphant was, I think, one of the richest eccentrics among them. His father was a Scot who moved from colony to colony in early Victorian days as a law officer, and who married the daughter of a Highland colonel when he was serving in Cape Town, where Laurence was born. The mother was young, beautiful, and earnest. Her mother came of a Calvinistic Dutch South African family. Lowry,

as his parents called him, was an only child. He moved about the world, for his father was a rolling stone, holding appointments in Ceylon and travelling about the Continent in the leisurely vacations of those days. So Lowry had little formal education. When he should have gone up to Cambridge, he wandered round abroad with the family. When he should have settled down to study law in London, he practised it instead in an amateurish way in Ceylon, and he claimed to have been engaged before he had passed his early twenties in twenty-three murder cases. But his duties at the bar sat lightly on him, and he played truant from them to go elephant hunting in India, and to stray as far as Katmandu and see something of the Gurkhas.

All the time he was away his letters, loving, witty, and bursting with high spirits, streamed home in a flood, and the correspondence was a two-way one. Never was there a more united trio; nor one that combined enjoyment of life more naturally with piety. One of Lowry's first letters, written when he was having a rare and brief bout of schooling, tells how he had hidden something naughty from his master's eyes, 'not thinking the eye of God was upon me. A greater eye than man's'. As he grew up, handsome, excellent company, fond of dancing, winning the friendship of men and girls alike, the note of piety continues to be heard.

He was an outspoken critic of frivolity in his fashionable girl friends. 'don't object to your riding in the park', he told them, 'the abominable constitution of society makes it almost the only opportunity of seeing and talking to those you like without being talked about. But you need not rush off for a drive in the carriage immediately after lunch, just because you are too restless to stay at home. First, the park and young men, then lunch, then Marshall and Snelgrove, then tea and young men again, then dinner, drums, and balls, and young men till three a.m. That is the treadmill you have chosen to turn without the smallest profit to yourself or anyone else. If I seem to speak strongly, it is because my heart yearns over you'. Still, Lowry for all his yearning admitted that he belonged to the lavender-gloved tribe himself, and his fits of pique were intermittent. He introduced theological discussions with his partners between polkas. He held forth on spiritualism to some young Foreign Office gentlemen as they sat on deck in the soft tropical night.

He keeps on telling himself and telling his mother and father that he ought to settle down to a job. They agree. But he never quite does because when he is not in the home circle he is going places. The list of his adventurous travels is enough to make Peter Fleming envious. He explored the wilds of southern Russia and brought out a book on them, happily timed for the outbreak of the Crimean War. He was paying one of his intermittent visits to London when it was published, and it brought a mounted orderly from the War Office to the door of the house in which he was lodging in Half Moon Street. Lord Raglan, the General, wanted to see him at once. He had a session with several generals in Whitehall, and told them about Sebastopol, a fortress they were shortly going to besiege, and about the strength of which they hadn't a clue.

Taking advantage of his first-hand knowledge of the theatre of war, Lowry managed to get out there as a civilian to stay with the British Ambassador to Turkey. His father went with him. The ambassador took them on his yacht to the Crimea. Lowry quickly noted the contrast between the wretched troops ashore and the V.I.P.s in their luxurious ships. 'Very curious', he writes to Mama, 'to be rigging out in ball costume to dine in the Royal Albert to the sound of the booming guns'. He went ashore, was mistaken by the Turks for an officer and took command of one of their batteries. The Turkish general was astonished to be told afterwards that Lowry was only a simple gentleman on his travels. Lowry followed this up by joining the Turks in a tough campaign in Circassia, and then he went with Lord Elgin to China. He was enjoying every moment of it all except for that nagging thought that conscience required him to settle down in harness. So when the Japanese murdered a British diplomatist, he accepted an offer from the Foreign Office to fill the gap. He would at long last have a career. Instead, he had a wild adventure, fighting in the dark with a Jap with a two-handed sword. Lowry had only a riding whip, but luckily there was a beam of wood above the combatants which neither of them could see in the dark and which deflected most of their blows. Still, Lowry was badly wounded.

He came home, gave up the idea of a career in the Foreign Office, and continued to wander. He got mixed up with Garibaldi and evolved a wild plan for destroying all ballot boxes when the inhabitants of Nice were being asked to decide whether to join Italy. He looked in on a Polish insurrection. It was fun, but it was getting him nowhere. He tried London, entered parliament, helped to edit a highly fashionable journal called the *Owl*, and wrote a novel called *Piccadilly*. It made a great hit, because it poked fun at high society and had a good deal to say about religion, which was a fashionable thing to talk about at that time. If you want to catch the flavour of the intelligent upper class in the 'sixties, you will find *Piccadilly* is still a lively book.

Here is how he describes the scene from his window in Mayfair.

The hour eleven p.m.; a long string of carriages advancing under my window to Lady Palmerston's; rain pelting; horses with ears pressed back, wincing under the storm; coachmen and footmen presenting the crowns of their hats to it; streams running down their waterproofs,

and causing them to glitter in the gas light; now and then the flash of a jewel inside the carriage; nothing visible of the occupants but flounces surging up at the windows, as if they were made of some delicious creamy substance and were going to overflow into the street; policemen in large capes, and, if I may be allowed the expression, 'helmetically' sealed from the wet, keeping order; dragged women on foot 'moving' rapidly on. The fine ladies in their carriages moving on too—but not quite so fast.

That, I am sure you will agree, is a well-observed piece of description. It shows that those Victorian aristocrats have little or nothing to learn from us about traffic jams.

By now, what with his books—he had written a spate of them—and his charm of conversation, he knew everybody and went everywhere and was, in short, a lion and what was then called a masher. Abruptly he dropped it all, putting himself absolutely and abjectly under the control of a religious crank. This man, Thomas Lake Harris, English-born but settled in America, had started a sect, the essential point of which, from Lowry's point of view, you will readily understand. Harris had substituted a Father and Mother god for the Trinity. Lowry turned his back on Mayfair and settled happily into a rustic community at Salem on Erie, where he slept in empty orange boxes, cleaned out cattle sheds, and wheeled barrows of dirt. His mother, now a widow, came too, and she too was at first content. Lowry was made to cadge strawberries off railway trains. This, I have no idea why, was intended to teach him humility. He made over his money to Father, as he and all the faithful called Harris. After three years, Father permitted him to come back to London. He picked up all his fashionable threads, acted with distinction as a correspondent in the Franco-Prussian War and got engaged to be married to Alice, the daughter of a good Norfolk family. But it was no ordinary engagement. Father had to approve. He did so when it had been made clear to the lady that it must be a platonic marriage. The faithful, and she, poor girl, had to become one, were blessed each with a heavenly counterpart with whom they lived in spiritual union. Harris' spiritual counterpart was known as the Lily Queen.

Lowry and Alice joined the fold in America. She was a very pretty girl. Lowry was sent to and fro about the States on Harris' business, and kept away from Alice. He had a flair for business and wrote a shrewd book about financial goings on. His mother and wife stayed put together. 'It was our own wish', his mother wrote. 'We wanted to realise something of the lives of our hard working sisters in the world. Cooks, housemaids, et cetera. We mend the clothes of the gentlemen of the society'. The idyll was broken by a row over money between Harris and Oliphant. Harris migrated west to California, and Alice was made to join the colony there. Lowry was not allowed to see her. This phase, too, was short-lived. Lowry and Alice reunited, flitted off to Palestine, where they saw much of Jewish immigrants and lived a simple life at Haifa. They do not seem to have regretted their life with Father, or resented, as more normal folk would have done, that Lady Oliphant, that is Lowry's mother, died in America as a result of her hardships. Alice died, having, so far as the written records show, been content with her odd destiny. Soon Lowry met another lady, grand-daughter of Robert Owen, the Socialist, and he convinced himself 'that Alice wanted me to give her the protection of my name'. They were married and very shortly after he fell mortally ill, dying, bubbling with ideas, expressed in talk and on paper, to the last.

Not long before that, he had dined with the Queen at Balmoral and she, we are told, always so graciously disposed to listen to the facts of personal life, was absorbed by the account he gave her (I am quoting from the Victorian biography) 'of his wonderful ways of thinking and truly remarkable history'. I should dearly like to have been a fly on the wall in the dining-room at Balmoral on that night. For Oliphant was always a good talker. He found conversation, I think, an escape from those haunting doubts that had dogged him from boyhood. Most



Laurence Oliphant (1829-1888)

people, he once suggested, are more or less conscious of leading a sort of double life—an outside one and an inside one. And the more he raced about the world and took, as he said, as active a part as he could in its dramatic performances, the more profoundly did the conviction force itself upon him that, if it was indeed a stage and all the men and women only players, there must be a real life somewhere. There must be a real life somewhere.

He clung to that phrase, for certainty grew on him that the external side of things was repugnant. 'The world', he cried, 'with its bloody wars, its political intrigues, its social evils, its religious cant, its financial

frauds and its glaring anomalies, assumed in my eyes more and more the aspect of a gigantic lunatic asylum'. He was—I do not think there can be any doubt on this point—more than a little touched with madness himself. But in his strange way he made a success of his life. At any rate, he impressed himself on his contemporaries as he had wanted to do. If it is possible to interest the public in the current events of your life, he said, then you have brought off as noble an object of ambition as a man could propose for himself. That was said in one of his worldly moments, but it expressed a real side of him and one that was fulfilled. I do not think he would mind having been forgotten after his death.

—Home Service

The Generous Creed—II

The Fall of the Liberal Party

By MAURICE SHOCK

IT is just fifty years ago that the Liberal Party won an electoral victory that has few parallels in our history. After years in the wilderness the Liberals swept back into power at the election of 1906 with a straight majority of more than 200 over the Unionists. With the Irish Nationalists and the new Labour Party as their allies they were in an impregnable position. Arthur Balfour, the Conservative ex-Prime Minister, defeated in his Manchester constituency, surveyed the disaster which had fallen on his party and declared that the election marked 'the inauguration of a new era in politics'. The Liberals made haste to fulfil his prophecy. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, himself a much underrated figure, gathered round him an exceptionally talented ministry which included Asquith, Lloyd George, Grey, Churchill, Haldane, Samuel, and Crewe. In the years before 1914 they introduced and carried through a host of measures which have left their mark upon our national life.

Splintered Remnants

Twelve years after the brilliant victory of 1906 the Liberal Party had been reduced to splintered remnants in the House of Commons and, twenty-five years later, in spite of feverish attempts at revival, it had almost ceased to count in national politics. Why did this revolutionary and, for Liberals, disastrous change, take place? Were there flaws in Liberalism which made a mockery of the very completeness of the victory of 1906? Soon after the election Lloyd George remarked that 'British Liberalism is not going to repeat the fate of continental Liberalism', and the achievements of the years which followed seemed, for a time, to substantiate this boast. But, in the end, it happened, and in his last years Lloyd George was himself as pathetic and powerless a figure as any of the once-great lions of continental Liberalism.

In the story of the death of the Liberal Party it is clear to everyone that the Labour Party played the role of executioner. When the Labour Representation Committee was formed in 1900 it placed the organisers of the Liberal Party in a delicate and awkward position. In the general elections of 1895 and 1900 they had failed to make any but the slightest impression in those areas where so much of their strength had once lain. It was the Unionists who held sway in the industrial cities of England and in London and Lancashire—those two great marginal areas which have so often played decisive roles in our electoral history. It was hardly to be expected that the chances of re-establishing the old Liberal predominance in these areas would be enhanced by the emergence of a Labour Party whose main effort would lie precisely in those places where the organised working-class was strongest. But Labour was in an equally delicate position. How could MacDonald and Keir Hardie, starting almost from scratch, achieve their aim of substantial working-class representation if Labour candidates were always to be involved in three-cornered contests? So the bargain was struck. The Liberals, thirsting for office after their years in the wilderness, needed the support of Labour and were prepared to pay for it. Labour was given a clear run in about fifty constituencies; in return elsewhere the weight of the trade-union movement and other working-class organisations was thrown behind the Liberal candidates.

With the two parties united by electoral interest and considerable identity of view, the election of 1906 was fought with unity on the left; two of the parties combined to beat the third, a perfect formula for success where three parties are attempting to operate in an electoral

framework intended only for two. The short-term achievements of the alliance were far greater than its original sponsors had ever dared to hope. Overwhelming success in 1906 was followed by the narrow but critically important victories of 1910 which were made possible only by the smooth running of the agreement with Labour. But there was one great flaw. The achievement of electoral success had come to depend far too heavily upon the willingness of Labour to remain for ever a minor satellite revolving round the political leadership of Asquith, Lloyd George, Churchill, and their eventual successors. Far from this being the case, the Liberals had raised a cuckoo in their nest.

As early as 1888 Gladstone had said: 'I do not disguise from myself the strength of the combination that is against us. . . . They have nearly the whole wealth of the country; they have the whole of the men of social station in the country; they have a vast preponderance in social strength'. What was true in 1888 was not less so by the turn of the century. Above all, in the industrial areas of England, politics were increasingly dominated by class divisions, and it was in those areas that, in the years after 1906, the fortunes of the Liberal Party came to depend upon the willingness of the working-class movement to keep to its agreement. A withdrawal of this support, with the consequent necessity of facing both Labour and Conservative candidates, would mean that, barring miracles, there would never again be a purely Liberal administration. In the short-run the inevitable result of such a split on the left would be, as it was after 1918, a period of Conservative domination punctuated only by short-lived, minority, leftish governments. The crucial moment in the decline of the Liberal Party came, therefore, in 1918 when Labour decided to face up to the prospect of a period of Conservative rule and to emerge as a national party with 'Labour and the New Social Order' as its programme and a plan to instal a Labour candidate in every constituency. After the making of this decision the end was in sight; without working-class support the Liberals could not win, and the working-class was now represented by its own broadly based party.

Strength in the Celtic Fringe

But why had Liberalism failed to retain the support of the workers? It was here that the richness and diversity of Liberalism in which Liberals took so much pride proved to be its own worst enemy. In terms of electoral success it is clear that England was the critical battleground, but the real strength of Liberalism lay mainly outside her boundaries on that Celtic fringe which influenced so deeply the last days of the Liberal Party. (These were the bastions which had not fallen in even the darkest days of the swing towards the Unionists.) The attitude of the fringe towards the fickle English was tinged with exasperation. Lloyd George once said: 'The north's all right, they are partly Irish; the east's all right, they are partly Scandinavian; and the west's all right because that is Celtic. But there's that bad Anglo-Saxon wedge up the middle of England that's going wrong'. It would not be correct to suggest that there was a political attitude common to all areas of the fringe; the vigorous, peasant, radical, Non-conformity of Wales was very different from the Liberalism of Scotland which was still largely dominated, to a degree unknown elsewhere, by the lairds in their castles. But what was common to them both was a deep indifference to those political questions which were increasingly concerning Liberal supporters in England: the role of the trade unions, for instance; social services for

the working-class; working conditions and hours of labour; the problems of an industrial society. In so far as the fringe was Radical it cared deeply about religion and land, questions about which the English working class was not greatly concerned. In many ways, therefore, Liberal strength on the fringe was a handicap in the wider electoral struggle. Liberal leaders tended to seek the safe seats that lay there; one half of the commoners in Campbell-Bannerman's Cabinet sat for Scottish constituencies, and of the politicians of the front rank only Grey represented England—and his seat was Berwick. Not even Lloyd George, whose skill at the art of squaring the circle has never been surpassed, was able to solve this problem—at least, not before the late nineteen-twenties, and by then it was too late.

Intensifying this division but by no means merely running parallel to it was the sharp conflict in Liberal ranks about the role of the state. The great nineteenth-century tradition, stemming from Adam Smith, Bentham, and their followers, had taken its stand upon the minimum role of the state. Its guiding principle, Bentham had suggested, should be simply, 'Be quiet'. The doctrine of *laissez-faire* which had lain behind the tremendous achievements of the age of Cobden and Bright still seemed to many Liberals, at the end of the century, to embody the essence of their political philosophy. But their view was challenged by the supporters of the new Liberalism, who proclaimed their belief in the positive role of the state and challenged the dogmas of *laissez-faire* with a philosophy derived from T. H. Green and a view of economic science which had been greatly affected by Fabian interpretation. It would be wrong to suppose that there were two distinct blocs; as always, views merged into each other and distinguishing lines were hard to draw. But this difference of opinion about the role of the state, a natural consequence of the revolution that had taken place in the Liberal intellectual world in the generation after John Stuart Mill, was one which in the twentieth century was likely to prove disastrous. That this was not the case before 1914 was largely due to two great masking factors: one, the high level of activity in the British economy and a healthy balance-of-payments position; the other the fact that in the period before 1914 political interest and enthusiasm were directed at objects which belonged essentially to the nineteenth century, the fight with the House of Lords which was the culmination of the Liberal struggle for democracy and Gladstone's mission, the settlement of Ireland.

Unemployment and the Shadow of Bolshevism

In the post-war world all this was changed. Large-scale unemployment with its inevitable reaction of militancy among the workers and, beyond that, the shadow of Bolshevism conjured up by events in Russia, conspired to widen that gap between left and right which, albeit in a slightly different form, had always been there. The temptation to move out to the wings was strong. Some, like Winston Churchill, saw the post-war world in the black-and-white image of a struggle between capital and labour and hastened to join the Conservatives. Others, most of them younger men, stood by their Radicalism, swallowed nationalisation, and went to the Labour Party. Such a division on the issues which were of critical importance in the post-war world was fatal; it was the price which the Liberal Party paid for having been the great, reforming, *laissez-faire* force of the previous age. J. M. Keynes once said that the doctrine of *laissez-faire* was the true Church of England of the nineteenth century—and that was not an easy thing to leave behind.

Divided on domestic policy, the Liberals were split much more obviously before 1914 on the problems arising from the change in Britain's relations with the outside world. The wounds which the pro-Boers and the Liberal Imperialists had inflicted upon each other during the Boer War were never to heal. Halévy once asked a leading Liberal why Rosebery's Liberal League had disappeared in 1906. The answer was: 'But the Liberal League did not vanish. What happened is simply that in 1905 it absorbed the Liberal Government. That is why we went to war in 1914'. That is undoubtedly true. Rosebery's old aides, Asquith, Grey, and Haldane, controlled the conduct of foreign policy until the middle of the war. But in taking over the Government they forgot their party. Whatever may have been the merits of their policy they were forced to conceal much of it from that large section of the party which stood by the policies of non-commitment and the Concert of Europe, policies which, perhaps mistakenly, they attributed to Gladstone. During the war and its aftermath it was round Grey and a Liberal Government that the storm raged. For those Liberals who believed that the horrors of Flanders had been caused by the diplomatic blundering of their own leaders and who were pledged to a policy of support for the League, effective disarmament, and democratic

diplomacy, there was only one course, to join the Labour Party.

It was this clash of view, older even, perhaps, than Palmerston and Bright, which was to sever men like Trevelyan, Wedgwood, Ponsonby, and Wedgwood Benn from their Liberal connections. In another form those differences of opinion, which had almost split the party in 1900 and had been plastered over for a time by unity on the free-trade issue, ultimately proved too strong. For, as Mr. Taylor has so recently demonstrated, it was the Labour Party which took over the Radical, dissenting, tradition in foreign policy and with the tradition went many of its supporters.

Lack of Money

In a three-party struggle for survival the Liberals were badly placed. They had no money. It was impossible for them to raise the vast sums which were guaranteed to the Conservatives by the support of big business and to the Labour Party by the political levy. Chronically short of money whenever they were out of office, they were the one party which was really dependent upon the sale of honours. It was this which gave Lloyd George's Fund such great importance: there was no other way, and had not been for many years, of raising the sort of sum needed to face the other parties on equal terms. But, even more important, they lacked, outside Scotland, Wales, and the south-west, what is essential for success in a single-member constituency system—a large, solid, block vote. The Conservatives had their traditional supporters, the Labour Party the trade-union vote. The Liberals had nothing to compare with these and it was this lack which made life, even bare existence, exceedingly difficult for them. Take, for example, the result of the 1929 election. The Conservatives with 8,600,000 votes won 261 seats, Labour with 8,300,000 won 287 seats, the Liberals with 5,300,000 votes had only 59 seats. In an electoral system designed to favour the big battalions, the Liberal Party, which had been the main instrument of its original inception, was caught at a disastrous disadvantage.

I have said nothing about the bitter feuds which enlivened the last rites of the Liberal Party and which continue to fill the biographies of the period and occasionally the correspondence columns of our newspapers. It cannot be denied that the events of 1916 were of great importance. They meant that for a number of years there was not just one Liberal Party but two, and the public nature of a quarrel which so often seemed to be about money certainly discredited the party in the eyes of the electorate. All this gave the Labour Party its chance and ensured that the period of slaughter on the left was mercifully short. But to suppose that the personal division between Lloyd George and Asquith is, in itself, an explanation of the fall of the Liberal Party is to misunderstand both the nature of the Liberal tradition and the structure of the Liberal Party. The causes of that are so deeply buried in the nineteenth century that one is perhaps over-tempted to say that the splendid outburst of Edwardian Liberalism, distinguished, as it was, by Asquith's Olympian touch, the dynamic sparkle of Lloyd George, and the swashbuckling promise of Churchill, was no more than a bridge, the necessary link, between the age of Gladstone and the day when MacDonald would stand in his place.—*Third Programme*

The Prairie

In that strange return when even the leaves were angry,
Small birds broke from the boughs in savage singing.
It was late May: drought champed the new stalks,
The sun shingled the pale earth, the wind coughed.
My sweat was all the juice from east to west
That freely flowed, my veins the fullest rivers,
My skull the coolest cave. Winter wheat lay stacked,
The buzzards wheeled, the lean jack rabbit jumped,
Lizards licked their supper from the air.

How can I tell you, stranger? Is drought more harsh,
Prairie more desolate, because some painted men,
Whom space and pride had taught that beasts were spirits,
Wandered here and fought unequal skirmishes
Against strange weapons and a stranger greed that could not stop?

RICHARD SELIG

Memorable Days in a Long Life

By LORD PETHICK-LAWRENCE

AS I look back over my long life I recall many memorable days. The first was in 1912 when I was arrested and taken to Bow Street Police Station. You will want to know what I had been doing to bring this upon me. It came about as part of the agitation of women to get the parliamentary vote. After forty years of asking for it politely without any positive result, a section of them had come to the conclusion that it was time that they did something vigorous about it. These militant women were known as suffragettes, and my wife and I had thrown in our lot with them. My part was to edit their weekly paper, *Votes for Women*. I also used to stand bail for suffragette prisoners awaiting trial. Hundreds of them, including my wife, had been to prison for various breaches of the law. Now the Government decided to bring a charge of conspiracy against those whom they considered to be the leaders of the agitation. In this category they included the Pankhursts and my wife and myself. So it was that on that night of March 5, 1912, the police knocked on the door of my flat in Clements Inn and announced their errand. My wife and I were to get ourselves ready and go with them at once to Bow Street. We had no option but to obey.

Experiences in Prison

A police station is not exactly a hotel, and there were no sleeping facilities of any kind. But a sympathetic Member of Parliament obtained permission to send in pillows and blankets so that I was able to lie down. I cannot say that I slept. As I tossed about I called to mind the many occasions on which I had acted as prisoners' friend to one or other of the suffragettes and had conveyed her last messages to friends and relatives before going to prison. Now my own turn was coming to stand in the dock. How should I comport myself on the morrow and what precisely should I say? How would the weekly newspaper fare in my absence? The hours of darkness passed slowly while I turned over all these things; and in spite of the ordeal in front of me it was with relief that I saw at last the daylight coming through the windows of the police station.

In court at the conclusion of the day's proceedings, the magistrate refused us bail, and we were remanded in custody. Once a week, therefore, my wife and I were brought to Bow Street from our separate prisons for further hearings until finally we were committed for trial. At the Old Bailey the jury found us guilty but added a rider about the purity of our motives. The judge sentenced us to nine months in the second division. My wife was taken to Holloway and I ultimately found myself in Brixton gaol. Our case had aroused widespread interest, and on the instigation of a jurymen we were transferred to the first division. That was a gain both in treatment and in status. But I learnt, as one learns such things in prison, that the rank and file of the suffragettes in Holloway were not so treated and had gone on hunger strike in protest and that my wife and Mrs. Pankhurst had joined in. So I felt I had to do the same. After a time I was fed by force—a nauseating experience. For several days this was repeated and I had to go to bed.

Then, early on the morning of June 27, the prison doctor came into my cell to see me and told me that he would be away from the prison until evening, but that he had sent in a report about my health to the authorities and I must be prepared for anything to happen. What did this mean? Was it really to be my release? Presently a heavy key turned again in the lock of my door and another doctor came in and sounded my chest while I said 'ninety-nine'. He went out, and nothing happened. A little later yet another doctor came in and the ceremony was repeated. Finally, in the middle of the afternoon, two doctors from the Home Office announced themselves. I had to say 'ninety-nine' again while they sounded me all over. They too went out. I waited about two hours trying to allay my excitement by reading a book I had got from the library about Mary Queen of Scots. Then the prison doctor himself came in and told me I was to be released and asked me whether in view of that I would take a nourishing drink. To this I agreed. A warder helped me to get dressed. I

was conducted out of the prison between two rows of warders who were lined up to give me a send off. The doctor had rung up my sister-in-law, herself a doctor, and she was at the prison gates to drive me home.

Parliamentary Candidate

Some eleven years after that, I had an experience of an entirely different character. I had long wanted to take a direct part in the political battle at Westminster and had made several unsuccessful attempts to secure a seat. Now, in November, 1923, there was to be a general election and I had not been adopted as the prospective candidate for any constituency. However, I learnt that the sitting Member for West Leicester (a Labour man) proposed to retire, so I went straight off to that city and offered to take his place if the Labour selection committee would accept me. After a long discussion at which I was not present, their choice narrowly fell upon me.

Next morning I had an unwelcome surprise. The Conservative candidate was already in the field; now the Liberal candidate was announced. He was none other than Winston Churchill. In the face of such a stalwart opponent I knew I should need all my wits about me. But the magnitude of the conflict gained me massive support. Well-known speakers came from all over the country to help me and my committee rooms were flooded with local workers, including many recently enfranchised women voters. My wife had the happy idea of teaching the schoolchildren an election song bringing in my name. It was set to the well-known tune of 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp', and I remember the chorus ran as follows:

Vote, vote, vote for Pethick-Lawrence,

Work, work, work and do your best.

If all helpers we enrol he is sure to head the poll

And we'll have a Labour man for Leicester West.

It quickly caught on and the children sang it day and night all over the constituency. According to the press they even bawled it into the ears of my opponents on polling day.

The count took place the same evening. I was not only returned at the head of the poll but had retained my predecessor's majority. Churchill, always magnanimous, said a friendly word to me. In this way I won the great privilege of becoming a Member of Parliament.

On my third election in 1929 Labour had been returned throughout the country as the largest party in the House of Commons. Ramsay MacDonald had become Prime Minister. I remember well Sunday, June 16. My wife and I were alone together in our country cottage in Surrey. I remember that I was cooking a delectable piece of salmon. The telephone bell rang. I picked up the receiver. Philip Snowden was on the line. He wasted no words. He said 'Mac has asked me as Chancellor of the Exchequer to choose my own Financial Secretary. I have told him I want you, and he has agreed. So you can go to the Treasury as soon as you like'. For the next couple of hours my head was blazing with excitement. Then for the first time I remembered the salmon. It had been boiled to rags!

The End of the War

The final incident I recall was one of great moment in world history. By May 1945 the Germans had suffered total defeat. Japan still held out. In July the general election took place, resulting in an immense Labour majority. Clem Attlee had become Prime Minister. I had been elected for East Edinburgh, but Attlee asked me to go to the House of Lords as Secretary of State for India and for Burma. I had gladly accepted this onerous post, which later was to involve me in a visit to India and in negotiations with Indian leaders which ultimately led to the birth of two new Members of the British Commonwealth. But this is another story. The day I am going to talk about now had a special drama of its own.

I must tell you that as Secretary of State I was provided with a car and two detectives, one or other of whom was expected to escort

me in the streets whenever I went out. On the night of August 14, 1945, I had dismissed my car and had been seen safely into my flat in Lincoln's Inn about 10 p.m. At a quarter past ten my telephone bell rang. Would I come at once to Downing Street for an urgent Cabinet meeting? I had no car and no detective and the streets were dimly lit. But I groped my way to the Strand, and luckily found a number 11 bus that took me down Whitehall. Downing Street was deserted; but my colleagues and I arrived one by one at No. 10 and were let in. Assembled in the Cabinet Room we were told that the Japanese had offered complete surrender, subject only to the proviso that they

might be allowed to retain their Emperor. Otherwise, they pointed out, there was no person whom the troops would obey when told to lay down their arms. The question for us, the British Cabinet, to decide was whether this offer was consistent with the 'unconditional surrender' which wisely or unwisely the Allies had laid down as essential for the end of hostilities. We decided that it was. The B.B.C. were told to stand by. Attlee in a broadcast at midnight told the people of Britain and of the world that the great war was at an end. I came out into the darkness of Downing Street. Not a soul was there except two policemen. I walked home in the silence.—*Home Service*

After Freud—I

The Revolution in Psychology

EDWARD GLOVER gives the first of four talks

THOSE who have weathered the first half of this twentieth century may well be excused if, looking back rather breathlessly, they feel that it stands out in history as a half-century of revolution—revolution in politics and in economics, in natural and applied science, in the arts of healing and in the technique of destruction, with which goes a revolution in moral and ethical standards. What may have escaped their notice is that they have lived through what is in my opinion one of the most beneficent revolutions in the history of mankind—a revolution in psychology, that is to say, in the science of mind. It is a revolution that promises to explain not merely why man develops mental disorders, but why he creates such peculiar political institutions, devises sane, or as the case may be, crazy economic systems, stands ethical standards on their heads whilst encouraging revivalist crusades, and prepares to blow millions of his fellow creatures to fragments at the same time as he proposes to inoculate millions of children against the virus of poliomyelitis.

From Cradle to Grave

Some of you may regard these claims as rather bombastic. Yet to those who were brought up on the incredibly dull psychologies of the Victorian 'nineties, which had little contact with human nature or mental suffering, the spread of modern mental science is nothing short of revolutionary. From the cradle to the grave psychiatrists, educational psychologists, and social workers of all sorts stand by your elbow. In pre-natal clinics, child-guidance clinics, hospital and rehabilitation centres, school clinics, youth and social service units, marriage guidance councils, to say nothing of prisons, Borstals, and approved schools, the authority of the psychiatrist increases daily. And recently an American psycho-analyst has written on the psychological handling of the dying.

But that is not all. You cannot nowadays open a novel, read a modern history or biography, attend a sociological lecture, discuss a surrealist painting or sculpture, or even wonder why your next-door neighbour's children are so badly behaved compared with your own, without encountering ideas and terms which, however bowdlerised they are now, simply did not exist sixty years ago. And when you come to examine the origin of these ideas, whether they concern mental disease or dramatic criticism, you will find that most of them can be traced back to the work of one man. It is a hundred years since Freud was born, sixty-three years since he published his first work on what was to be known as psycho-analysis, and only seventeen years since he died.

But although psycho-analysis has become a household word, most intelligent people are hard put to it to give an accurate definition of the term. All sorts of misconceptions have grown round the subject. Early critics, stirred to indignation by Freud's discovery that the sexual impulses of man originate during infancy and childhood, roundly accused him of finding sex everywhere. But they ignored the fact that what Freud discovered was the unconscious conflict aroused by the existence of primitive sexual instincts: which implies that the anti-sexual impulses are equally if not more important. It is this conflict, by the way, which gives rise to many of the disorders that are now familiarly called neurotic. Others associate psycho-analysis with vague ideas of an unconscious mind, which they regard as a kind of secret cupboard, at best containing useless lumber and at worst concealing our baser nature. Still others talk glibly of repression as if it were a kind of

municipal by-law deliberately invoked to control behaviour. But most people, I think, are content to regard psycho-analysis merely as one of many forms of mental treatment.

The simple facts are that although psycho-analysis was indeed developed as a form of psychological treatment of neurotic disorders, it was soon recognised as a research instrument whereby the hinterland that constitutes by far the largest part of mind can be explored. And finally, in the hands of its founder, Freud, psycho-analysis developed into a comprehensive theory of mind which can be applied to the whole range of human thought, speech, or conduct, either of individuals or of groups. It is indeed as a theory of mind that Freud's work will be valued by future generations. For until he discovered the unconscious mind, psychology had pursued a superficial course, content for the most part to believe that mind and consciousness were one and the same. This was as if a doctor were to claim that the functions of the human body are confined to the skin. Freud swept this misconception aside. We now know that mind is an elaborate and dynamic apparatus of which consciousness is but a superficially placed observation post—a surface organ.

To understand how Freud came to build up his comprehensive theories, we must break them up into their component parts. First in order of importance comes the discovery of the 'Unconscious', or, as it is now called, the Id, representing the dynamic core of the mind. Secondly, Freud mapped out the frontiers or boundaries of this core and traced the lines of communication between this unorganised and perpetually unconscious system, and the organised layers of the mind. It is these organised layers that constitute what is called the ego. Of course a large part of this ego is also unconscious; only the more superficial layers lie close to consciousness. Next, he described the primitive instincts of sex and aggression that spring from the unconscious Id and provide a constant source of the energy necessary to drive the mental apparatus. Then he codified the various mental mechanisms that unconsciously regulate these energies. Although existing in an infinitely complicated and interacting meshwork, these mechanisms can be roughly grouped in two classes. Some are concerned with the control or distribution of mental forces. This is the place to think of repression which can blanket charges of energy and is therefore an effective frontier-guard at the borders of the unconscious. It should be remembered, however, that repression is a completely unconscious mechanism.

Bridgehead to the External World

The second class is more difficult to describe in a few words. But you have no doubt heard some people talk cheerfully enough of having a mother-identification. From the earliest years identification and some other unconscious mechanisms of a similar kind register and reflect the influence of parents and other important members of the family on the growing child, and in this way help to form the structure of mind. They help to build the unconscious ego, or, to put it more simply, to build character. In so doing they provide at the same time a bridgehead to the external world and a discharge point for what sociologists usually call man's group instincts. That is to say, they promote contact with other individuals and with society at large.

Finally comes the exploration and isolation of the various parts,

(continued on page 722)

NEWS DIARY

May 23-29

Wednesday, May 23

United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority announces that the first of the two atomic piles in the Calder Hall power station, Cumberland, has started working

The Governor of Cyprus orders everybody in the island to register for an identity card

M. Mendès-France, Minister of State without Portfolio, resigns from the French Government

Thursday, May 24

Leader of Turkish community in Cyprus asks Turkish Prime Minister for his support after the shooting of a Turkish-Cypriot policeman by terrorists

Major-General Radi Unnab, who succeeded Lieutenant-General Sir John Glubb as Chief of Staff of the Arab Legion, resigns

Australia is to seek a new trade agreement with the United Kingdom to replace Ottawa Agreement of 1932

Friday, May 25

Mr. Macmillan, Chancellor of the Exchequer, gives a warning that a new series of wage increases would be disastrous to the nation

President Eisenhower calls for the creation of a United States of Europe

Research vessel *Shackleton* arrives home after voyage of 20,000 miles to the Antarctic

Saturday, May 26

Secretary of State for Air accepts invitation by Russia to visit Moscow for Aviation Day

R.A.F. fighters are reported to have been in action against armed tribesmen in the eastern part of the Aden Protectorate

England beats west Germany, the world champions, in the International Association Football match in Berlin, by three goals to one

Sunday, May 27

Further clashes take place in Cyprus between Turkish-Cypriots and Greek-Cypriots

Arms and ammunition found in Arab quarter of Algiers during large-scale search by French troops and police

Monday, May 28

Greek Foreign Minister resigns

Swiss expedition climb Mount Everest and Lhotse

Prices of coal, coke, and cinema seats to be raised

Tuesday, May 29

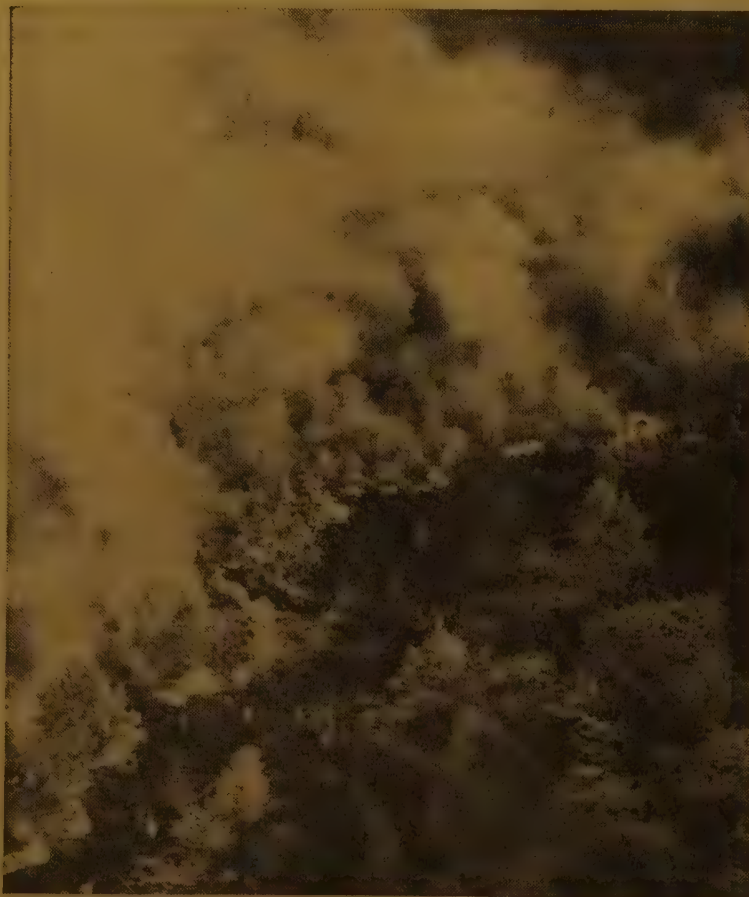
Parliament reassembles after Whitsun recess

Widespread rain falls after long period of dry weather

Fighting takes place in Nicosia between Greek and Turkish Cypriots



Turkish-Cypriots trying to extinguish the flames of a building in Cyprus set on fire by Greek-Cypriots last week. In recent clashes between the two communities men on both sides have been killed

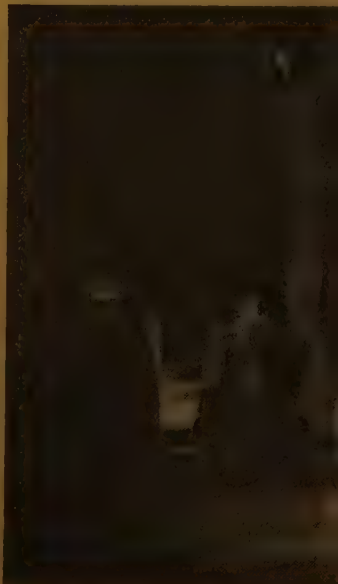


Owing to the prolonged dry weather, serious heath and forest fires have caused great destruction in several counties during the past week. This photograph, taken from the air, shows woodland burning in Surrey, where, for a time, the village of Holmbury St. Mary was seriously threatened. On the Suffolk coast the Minsmere Sanctuary of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds was badly damaged

Right: a scene from Michael Benthall's production of 'Macbeth' at the Old Vic: Macbeth (Paul Rogers), left, sees Banquo's ghost (Jack Gwillim), seated, centre. On the extreme right is Lady Macbeth (Coral Browne)



A display of tulips that won a gold medal of the Show this year was a marvellous sight





The explosion of the American hydrogen bomb dropped over Bikini atoll in the Pacific on May 20. It was dropped from a B-52 jet bomber. The explosive effect of the bomb was described as being equivalent to several million tons of T.N.T.



A group of rebels captured last week near Palestro, Algeria, during operations by French troops following the recent ambush of a French patrol in the area. Twelve Europeans were murdered by rebels in eastern Algeria last weekend



: Chelsea Flower Show last week. A new feature flower arrangements by the five societies in Great ed to this art



Last week the Moscow State Circus, which is visiting this country for the first time, opened a short season at Harringay arena. This photograph shows the chief clown, Oleg Popov, performing



A pair of eighteenth-century wrought-iron gates which have been presented to the Royal College of Arms, Queen Victoria Street, London, by an American donor. They were formally opened by Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, the American Ambassador, on May 24, the 400th anniversary of the College



(continued from page 719)

territories, systems, or institutions, as they are called, of which the total Ego is composed. Of these the most fateful to man can be described as unconscious Conscience: fateful because it gives rise to the sense of guilt. To sum it all up: the structure of mind, the energy of mind, and the mechanics of mind. To this, however, we must add Freud's description of the development of the sense of reality that safeguards our sanity, and of the eternal struggle between this reality-sense and the world of phantasy and wish-formation that exists in the unconscious and is mainly responsible for our dreams. Out of these various components Freud forged his theory of the mental apparatus which, as I have said, can be held to account for the activities of man whether they be normal or abnormal.

It is important to emphasise this last point. Although all these discoveries were made in course of studying mental disorders and dreams, it was soon apparent to Freud that precisely the same unconscious factors governed the minds of normal people. To put it perhaps a little too simply, mental disorders are due to the faulty function of mental mechanisms leading in extreme cases to the disruption of mental structure by unconscious conflict, with all the mental suffering this entails. Not that the normal person escapes unscathed: his life, work, marriage, his ups and downs, his capacity for happiness may, when inspected, exhibit all sorts of peculiarities or inhibitions. But on the whole the normal man's mind remains intact. On balance he adapts to life and its stresses and consequently does not break down. Put in simpler language, Freud discovered the unconscious motives of human behaviour, exposed the unconscious foundations of human character, and opened our eyes to the consequences that may ensue when mental stress reaches breaking point.

Unconscious Forces

It is indeed a mistake to assume that Freud was concerned only with mental diseases. In point of fact, the treatment of such disorders as are accessible to psycho-analysis is, in a wide sense, of secondary importance. Psycho-analysis is only one of many forms of psychological treatment all of which have their successes, their difficulties, and their limitations. It would be pointless for me to discuss here the merits or demerits of different forms of psychotherapy. It is perhaps sufficient to say that there is no sovereign remedy for human conflict. Nor is there any point in discussing differences in psychological theory, as, for example, between the schools of Freud, Jung, and Adler, except to say that they are radical. What Freud believed as firmly as he believed in the unconscious causation of neurosis was that the achievements of man, what we call his civilisation and culture, are, like his everyday life and behaviour, as much influenced by unconscious forces and institutions as the exaggerated conflicts, anxieties, guilts, and superstitious phantasies that clog his mind and turn him ill.

All of which leads to a simple conclusion. The importance of Freud's work for individual man and for society lies in his unflinching recognition of the forces that are opposed to reason and are thereby calculated to defeat human aspirations or destroy health. Until then man had regarded himself as a rational creature, and this was, and still is, a bitter pill for him to swallow, and explains why psycho-analysis has from the first encountered such bitter opposition. During the first ten years of his analytical work, Freud stood alone and faced storms of abuse from both professional and lay quarters. Yet although he has often been accused of a rigid and pessimistic determinism, the fact remains that his theories offer at any rate a gleam of hope to a world distracted by anxiety, suspicion, and hostility and weakened by disillusionment. Prevention, it is often said, is better than cure, and if it proves possible to strengthen the forces of reason we may at any rate look forward to the possibility that our children's children, or their children's children, may be able to do what we have so far signally failed to do. For it would seem that one of the ways of building a brave new world is to produce a race less hag-ridden with unconscious anxiety and guilt—in a word, more amenable to reason.

For my part I should like to dwell on this cultural significance of Freud's work. It is no doubt fascinating to look back and speculate on the prehistoric development of man's mind and on the way he was able to emancipate himself from his bestial status; but it is much more important for us to consider by what means modern man may raise himself from his still only partly civilised state—from the practices of crime, torture, tyranny, and war-making, to mention only a few of his more primitive habits. I am not for a moment attempting to decry the achievements of civilisation, but it can be maintained with some degree

of reason that man has not advanced much since the Stone Age in the control of his primitive impulses.

Culture-Transmission

There is a polite name for this problem of the future development of civilisation. It is called the problem of culture-transmission. When you teach your small son to wash behind his ears, to refrain from smacking his baby sister, and not to set the house on fire by striking matches, you are engaged in the business of transmitting culture. In your enthusiasm you may of course overdo the process and turn him into a cultural rebel or a delinquent, which only goes to show that patterns of behaviour laid down in early childhood with sufficient emphasis may hit back in later life.

This is the first point to remember: culture can best be transmitted during the most malleable period of mental development, that is to say, during infancy and childhood. The next point is that with a few dubious exceptions cultural characteristics do not seem to be inherited. True, it appears that in western civilisation incest and cannibalism are not such powerful urges as they once were—almost as if the taboos against them had become acquired characteristics. However that may be, it is certain that the defences against hostility, hate, aggression, and sadism have to be acquired all over again by each generation. That is one of the tasks of civilisation, infinitely more important, you may think, than transmitting knowledge whereby we may succeed in despatching rockets to the moon.

When Freud traced the early development of the love and sexual impulses, in a word, of the libido, he conducted a parallel investigation of the impulses of hate and aggression. And he ultimately came to the conclusion that the anxiety of man arises in course of controlling upsurges of libido, whereas unconscious guilt has a specially close connection with hate and aggression. Anxiety and guilt together tend to form a vicious circle. Frustration of libido sets up anxiety: anxiety sets up hate and aggression: hate and aggression set up unconscious guilt which in turn brings about increased frustration. Before we can expect to improve on our present adaptations to life, this vicious circle must be broken. And this can best be done during the malleable stages of infancy and childhood. If a revolution in culture transmission is to be set going it must start in the nursery.

It is no coincidence that these same principles have found application also to the social diseases from which the community suffers and which cause fantastic economic losses to society, to say nothing of endless bad feeling and costly measures of retribution and punishment. The closer we examine the causes of crime, the closer we come to the Freudian formula—bad nurture, warping of growing character, and an immediate social setting that provokes anxiety and hostility. The field of modern criminology is astir with such concepts. Moreover, if we can find an answer to the social diseases of individual man, it is always conceivable that we can discover the answer to his group-disorders and be able to develop a less war-minded society.

'A Man Most Mighty'

After social disorder, it would be natural to consider social order—politics, for example. But I cannot here say more than that we must not expect to convert politics into an applied science until we are able to isolate and as far as possible eliminate the unconscious antagonisms, prejudices, and myths which, Freud always maintained, originate in individual man and spread to his group activities. As for religion and philosophy, I might say this: although Freud put forward revolutionary theories regarding the origin and function of religion, he would never commit himself to philosophies of life that went beyond what science seemed to warrant. He was in this sense a great conservative. All in all, when we consider the ramifications of Freudian ideas and seek to express in a sentence the influence Freud has exerted and will continue to exert on the individual and social life of man, we can say without exaggeration that he not only fertilised thought but liberated thought, liberated it from the shackles of unreason. It is not inappropriate, then, that in the University of Vienna an inscription runs beneath a commemorative bronze of Freud. It is taken from Sophocles and reads: 'Who divined the famed riddle and was a man most mighty'.

—Home Service

The centennial and revised edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* has been published by Macmillan, price 50s. The volume contains more than 1,000 pages of quotations set in double columns, with a full index.

Persian Poetry: Hedonist or Mystical?

By ANDREW MANGO

PERSIAN poetry has been exploited in a number of different ways in England. Nearly a hundred years ago the hedonists discovered 'Umar Khayyam. One of the products of that discovery was Swinburne's 'Laus Veneris'. Lesser things followed, such as green and gold bindings of the 'Ruba'iyat' and Edwardian translations of Hafiz.

But before long the hedonists were challenged by serious-minded scholars. The hedonists had been delighted to find in Khayyam a better pagan than they were themselves. Now they were told that Khayyam, along with Hafiz, Nizami, Jami, and almost every other Persian poet, was really a mystic. This view was supported by quotations from eastern, mainly Indian, commentators. 'The poet', these commentators said, 'was a most pious man. So when he said "wine" he meant "divine love" for in fact he never drank wine at all'. This produced the crossword puzzle approach to Persian poetry, an approach which is still widely practised and which reduces poetic symbols to the level of algebraic symbols.

Parallels with the Existentialists

Treated as mystics, Persian poets have been less fructifying in England than they had been as hedonists. Many mystically minded scholars enjoyed them, but most western amateurs of mysticism preferred the Indian version of the Wisdom of the East. But the exotic appeal of Persian poetry remained, hence the view that interest in it is a *fin de siècle* addiction. This is untrue: interest in Persian poetry is compatible with the very latest *Zeitgeist*. I am surprised, for example, that the existentialists have not annexed some Persian poets, poets such as Jami who addressed God in these words: 'You gave us freedom of choice without allowing us the choice to accept or reject that freedom'. Or one could find parallels in Persian poetry to the recent efforts of M. Albert Camus to attach a system of ethics to his *philosophie de l'absurde*. Here is one example from Firdawsi's *Book of Kings*:

The world sweeps you in; then it sweeps you away. Its justice is not conspicuous yet I do not call it tyrannical. Nor will you ever be able to answer the questions 'how' or 'why'. But goodness there must always be and humanity, chivalry, beauty, and joy. Whether you are king or subject, this is the best you can have.

And finally a quotation for Freudians. It is taken from Nizami:

A dream is home-grown out of fancy: the fancy is homely too; it is about acquaintances not foreigners. Whether you dream of a dead man or of one living, the light comes from your candle. Your pure thought is the exhibitor, a wish of your own conception the exhibit.

Persian poets have been exploited by hedonists and mystics and may be fruitfully exploited by existentialists. But this does not mean that these philosophies are necessarily alien to Persian poetry. Mysticism, to take only one example, is manifestly a very important ingredient of the Persian poetic tradition. Almost all the great Persians of the Middle Ages can be described with some truth as mystics. Mysticism supplied them with a philosophy of life and with ideals of conduct. As I see them, these ideals comprised tolerance, kindness, and, above all, serenity. Mysticism did not extinguish the personality of Persian poets, rather it civilised it. It was rationally respectable and philosophically useful in solving the problem of evil, for example. It was a means of rising above material preoccupations. Persian mysticism was essentially measured, civilised. I say this because the imagery of much Persian poetry in which ephebes, wine, and song play a large part can be misleading. Wine, for example, may or may not stand for divine love, but it does not stand for drunkenness.

It has always surprised me how little attention has been paid to the central virtue of Islam, which is also the central virtue of the Persian aesthetic—to the virtue of moderation. It is a classic virtue and the enemy of all romantic excess. It is constantly praised in Persian manuals of ethics, of rhetoric, in prose and poetry. 'In such matters as lie within men's means', the twelfth-century poet Nizami said,

Let us struggle for the sake of a happy life. Let us devise remedies to win ease but not to the point where our body is given to the service

of our greed. Do justice to every breath you draw. Sacrifice money and fashion your ease: it is cheap to buy ease for nothing.

Nizami uses elsewhere the term 'enjoyment in deliberation': this is achieved in full knowledge of the transitoriness of the thing enjoyed, but does not degenerate into the kind of hectic hedonism which people associate with Persian poetry. It is a classical ideal.

I find Persian poetry attractive precisely because it is a classical poetry, because it is the expression of an integrated conception of the universe. Everybody and everything had its niche in the medieval Persian philosophy of life and everything was interconnected. Literary works mirrored the classical hierarchic structure of the universe. The opening chapters of long Persian poems and prose works almost always follow the same pattern: first Allah is praised as the Necessary Being; then the Prophet Muhammad, most glorious of contingent human beings, then the king, vicegerent of the divine vicegerent. The body of attainable knowledge was similarly integrated; an erudite man could learn all the knowledge that there was. A poet was advised to know it all for the excellence of his poetry. The better poets probably did: they drew their metaphors from theology, music, astrology, alchemy, medicine, and the other branches of learning.

The art of poetry, like every other art, had its proper place in the order of things. It had a particular purpose: to move men's minds to depression or exultation, to stir them to do great things. It had a particular use: to immortalise the names of kings. Poetry had its proper subject matter: panegyric, satire, sacred and profane love, the lives of heroes and wise men. It had its special tools: 'correct words, sweet sounds, eloquent expressions and elegant ideas', as a thirteenth-century Persian critic described them. A poet had, in fact, to be trained like any other craftsman. The poetic curriculum was heavy: the rules of prosody and rhetoric had to be mastered, all the best models had to be learned by heart (and this meant, according to one authority, 20,000 lines of the poetry of the ancients and 10,000 lines of the moderns). The poet's skill had to become automatic, as he was expected to improvise poems to suit the king's mood, and he knew from the lives of great poets that it was improvisation which paid: it paid in gold coins and precious stones with which a delighted king would fill the poet's mouth. But of course skill did not exclude inspiration, although later critics thought inspiration suspect; it did not exclude excitement.

A Persian legend traced the origins of poetry to Adam, who broke into verse on two dramatic occasions: when he first saw the earth after the Fall and when Cain killed Abel. The Persian equivalent of an invocation to the Muse is a description of the appearance of the angel Sarush or the prophet al-Khidr to inspire the poet. In Turkestan in more recent times poets have been known to fall ill when prevented from giving expression to supernatural inspiration. In medieval Persia, angelic inspiration was perfectly in order provided the product fulfilled the requirements of the poetic art.

Integrated Beauty

To a Persian of the Middle Ages a good poem was the embodiment of an integrated, balanced beauty arising from the perfection of its parts. If the rules were followed faithfully the seams did not show. 'Good poetry', a critic said, 'is like a fragrant balm perfuming the air without revealing its composition'. The vocabulary of Persian poetry was, like its subject matter, fairly limited, so that many Persian words, like so many jars originally empty, became successively fuller of the wine of meaning as each poet added his drop by using the word in some new metaphorical sense. Some words, poetic words *par excellence*, came in this way to trail behind them clouds of meaning. Poets found these words useful: they could pun on them, suggest through them several images simultaneously and then pursue these images by using other, equally ambiguous words. They could use them to make their poems compact in form and comprehensive in significance and association. A good Persian poem is an inspired, stylised, cunning work of art, a work of art which defies translation.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

Max Beerbohm: 1872-1956

By JOHN RUSSELL

ONCE, when I apologised to Sir Max Beerbohm for recalling to him some trifling circumstance of his youth, he feathered my apology aside. 'To the egoist', he said, 'no detail is insignificant'. And he looked with revived interest at the dark-blue-papered walls of his reading-cabin in the Villino Chiaro. They were—or so I had been told—the same colour as had ornamented his rooms in Oxford some sixty years earlier. Identical, too, were the Pellegrini prints and the photograph of Degas' portrait of that low-slung, heavy-bearded observer. It was from loyal affection, I think, as much as from natural conservatism that Sir Max retained intact the tastes of his early youth. The books on the shelves had not changed a great deal; Sickert's portrait of the young Max was there, though it had been rolled up and put in a drawer; and only the imaginary volume whose title was pencilled in at the end of each bookshelf bespoke his ever-active fancy.

Sir Max spoke so little about modern life that his readers might suppose he disdained it; but in conversation he revealed a close and amused interest in all that was going on. I remember him asking, for instance, about Edmund Wilson, who had recently written about him, penetratingly and at length, in *The New Yorker*. It was explained to him that one of Mr. Wilson's most massive studies had been concerned with Vico, Michelet, and Marx. 'Ah', said Sir Max. 'I see. The henchman of the unreadable'.

These remarks were heightened, of course, by the vespertine art with which he delivered them. He spoke them much as Pachmann, at the end of his career, would play an encore-waltz, and with the same indifference to mere effect. Not that Sir Max cared for music, unless it were hyphenated with '-hall', but there was a sense in which he did not need to care for it, so perfect, in his own speech, was the timing, the build and gait of the phrase, and the distribution of silence.

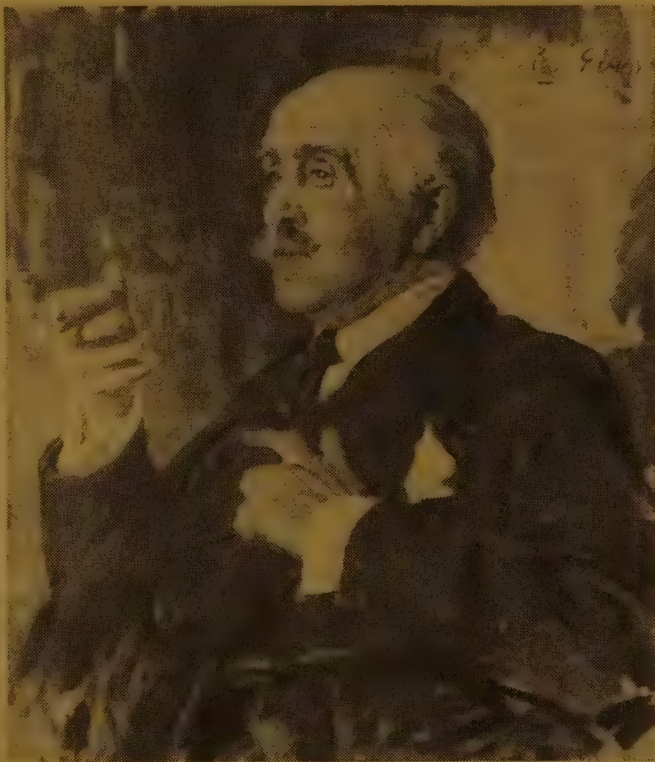
All his work reads aloud, of course, most wonderfully well; and although he rarely spoke in public (the only two occasions I can remember are his Rede Lecture in the Senate House, Cambridge, and the memorial service to Sir William Rothenstein at St. Martin-in-the-Fields), there was no doubt, when he did so, that he came of a great theatrical family—and a family, what is more, that was not wholly English in origin. The fact that he was the

greatest living manipulator of the English language has overshadowed, I think, the fact that his art was essentially that of the continental *causeur*. His great period (1890-1914) was also the great period of the *feuilleton* in European journalism; and although many practising English essayists have claimed him as one of themselves I wonder if he is not nearer to the wits of 'Die Fackel' than to the members of the Maximilian Society. There is in his portrayal of representative Englishmen an outsider's nuance of wonder, as well as an insider's affectionate assurance; and certain other traits—his anti-monarchism, for instance—are best understood in this light. An English anti-monarchist is usually a dullard and a lout; a European anti-monarchist works within a tradition of liberal comedy.

Our view of Sir Max's work is, after all, doubly selective. It is not merely that certain drawings were withheld, as he tells us himself, and certain verses put quietly by. Even within his published work there are many drawings which are unfashionable now that we have taken to regarding foreigners almost exclusively in political terms. Sir Max called himself 'a genuine Cockney': but the series of drawings of 'England, France and Germany in the Nineteenth and early Twentieth Century' are the work of a fastidious European (and he must have remembered, in recent years, how in 1891 the Great MacDermott would rouse his audience to shouts of indignation with anti-Russian couplets). Only the delicate aerial fancy belonged to our language alone: how few of those who go to the Städtische Kunstinstitut in Frankfurt to gaze at Tischbein's portrait of Goethe in the Campagna can know Sir Max's essay on Goethe and Tischbein—and how lucky are those few!

Sir Max was already an old, or oldish, gentleman when he made his new, broadcasting reputation. ('Some people dislike the microphone', he said to me, 'but I welcome it into my house as a friendly animal'.) But those who remember him as a mellifluous Ancient should not forget that he was twenty-six when

Shaw called him 'the incomparable Max'; that his 'Works' were first published when he was twenty-four; and that he was only thirty-seven when he 'gave up everything', as we say, and went to live in Rapallo. The stars of today burn late, and slow, and are not always the brighter for doing so. Nor is there any moral obligation upon someone who has done a thing perfectly to go on doing it for the rest of his life. There is certainly no living Englishman under forty whose position is comparable to that which Max enjoyed, and chose to discard, in 1910. He had run his race, and run it, for all his lackadaisical bearing, uncommonly fast: let those who prate of idleness do better.



Sir Max Beerbohm: a portrait painted in 1936 by R. G. Eves
By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery



Self-portrait by Sir Max Beerbohm: 'Un Revers'
ESSAYIST: 'They call me the inimitable, and the incomparable and the sprightly and whimsical . . . I wonder if I am'

Leicester Galleries

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Freud and Copernicus

Sir,—Among the many misstatements of fact in Mr. Nigel Walker's broadcast (THE LISTENER, May 24) may be singled out one in which he asserts that Freud 'regarded himself as the Copernicus of the mind, and also compared himself to Darwin'. Nothing could have been more unlike Freud.

It is true that he pointed out how *one* result of Copernicus' work was to offend human pride in our status in the universe; that *one* result of Darwin's was still further to offend human pride; and that *one* result of the doctrine of the unconscious enunciated by Schopenhauer and others, including Freud, inflicted a still further blow.

But this was only one feature common to these advances in knowledge. In their general significance, magnitude, and consequences they cannot well be equated. What interested Freud was the repeated reductions in man's original megalomania. A *personal* comparison of himself with the great names mentioned did not occur to him, as I can vouch for from a talk with him on a cognate topic.

Yours, etc.,

Elsted

ERNEST JONES

Aspects of Africa

Sir,—Dr. Simon Biesheuvel, in THE LISTENER of April 12, has a thoughtful discussion of 'Tropical Africa's Response to Civilisation', which raises questions of the deepest interest to western civilisation.

In the United States, one of the prime arguments in support of the Negro's right to equality of position is that he is backward only because he has been kept in slavery by white men for centuries. Those advancing this theory ignore the fact that, in the world's history, there have been far more white slaves than black, entire nations of white men having been held in complete serfdom up to modern times, some until only a little more than a century ago.

White men in slavery have lifted themselves out of that stage by their own efforts and despite the efforts of other white men to hold them in subjection; black men have not. No black man has been emancipated save at the hands of white men.

Dr. Biesheuvel (in agreement with many others) says that while civilising efforts in Africa have done much, still basic characteristics of the African Negro are not susceptible to early alteration of a nature so drastic as to place him on the same plane as the white occidental. Assuredly, the mental processes of even educated Negroes are not the same as those of the white man.

The question arises whether in an accelerated change of millions of simple savages into users of modern tools and machinery and, presumably and unavoidably, arms, the conferring of independence upon whole Negro nations, the almost astronomical increase in numbers which will come with enforced sanitation and disease control and the doubtful ability to feed them, western civilisation will not have sown the heaviest crop of dragons' teeth in the history of mankind.

Yours, etc.,

Washington, D.C. HOMER JOSEPH DODGE

Sir,—Any objective reader of my talks will realise that the interpretation which Mr. Pocock places on them could only emanate from one who is too strongly identified emotionally with African problems to be capable of reasoning about them in a detached manner.

As my enduring interest in African studies derives from daily contact with the many practical and moral problems created by life in a multi-racial society, I need no lessons in social responsibility. It would indeed be irresponsible on the part of a scientist, in the present emotionally charged and politically sensitive African atmosphere, to suggest causes for differences between ethnic groups on inadequate grounds. But it is preposterous on the part of Mr. Pocock to argue that the effect of tropical diseases on mental efficiency is 'unproven or unexamined', that the statements made by many field workers concerning the possible effects of certain sexual customs on African behaviour patterns should be ignored, and that any mention of genetic determinants of racial differences is indicative of bias. Until it has been proved that all psychological differences between races are attributable to cultural environment, bias could only arise by a rejection of the possibility of genetic causation or by suppression of research in this direction. I take it that Mr. Pocock did not wish to imply that the social scientist should refrain from mentioning any facts, or examining any hypotheses, that might be wrongly used by the politically minded. In so far as it is the function of the sociologist in a free society to establish a factual basis for social policies, such action would not only be a surrender of scientific freedom, but an act of gross social irresponsibility in itself.—Yours, etc.,

Johannesburg

S. BIESHEUVEL

[This correspondence is now closed—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Linguistic Techniques in Politics

Sir,—In recent leading articles (THE LISTENER, May 17 and 24) you have suggested that linguistic techniques used by modern philosophers are destroying political thought. I believe that this is a mistaken view and that in reality they are enabling us to take a more realistic view of the nature of political ideas and preventing us from being swept off our feet by universal panaceas.

You ask what the historian can make of the statement that 'the moral basis of democratic political theory is neither self-evident nor demonstrable'. He should understand this. That the moral basis is not self-evident, that it is the result of much thought, and is in fact based on mature judgement, and that above all it is not such as to have only to be stated in order to be recognised as a universal natural law. That, similarly, it is not demonstrable in the sense of being a subject of scientific inquiry. Moral thinking, based as it is on rational judgement, is not susceptible to observation and experiment.

What indeed the historian must do is to examine the moral assumptions in these theories and to relate them to the social background of the time, and we who are interested in the political expression of our beliefs in liberty, etc., should honestly and critically examine our moral values and how we are to give them practical expression. This seems much more useful than

sterile argument about the texts of Locke or Marx, and more valuable than the cry for a new theory to elevate our current values to the level of universal truth.—Yours, etc.,

North Shields

S. H. DRUMMOND

Industrial Design and the Common User

Sir,—If a man and his wife are cast up on an uninhabited island, he may start making pottery so that she can cook. In the making of the pots, if they are any good, his love for her—and for himself—will be suspended in deference to a love of the pots. It seems from Mr. Banham's letter that he might be willing to concede the aptness of this example for 5 per cent. of the products on the market. But I meant what I wrote to apply to all useful goods including those assembled on a conveyer belt or made in an automatic factory.

Of course, a man who spends all and every day filing off the welded joints on a never-diminishing pile of identical steel pressings, may care little for these pieces; and the managing director of this man's factory may be more troubled by a secret distress at the injustice of the conveyer belt than gratified with pride in the articles he has arranged to make; and in such circumstances it is possible to understand how everyone in this factory may come to treat the products as a joke, and the consumer as someone to be fooled. The consumer himself is not always certain of the propriety of his relationship with a motor-car or an electric razor, and to have these articles dressed up as a joke, e.g., as 'an outrageous blonde' or a moon-rocket, saves him the trouble of taking that relationship seriously. Even in this state of affairs, stood about by moral and spiritual problems, the designer of 'styling' still enjoys making his jokes. He loves the conceits, not the people to whom they may be sold.

It seems to me that faced with the apparently enormous problems of industrial production, Mr. Banham has with benevolence and wit turned philosophy inside out in order to present us with something which sounds humane. A man who does a repetitive assembly job may believe that he is serving the community, or helping to build socialism, by starting, continuing, and stopping his work: but this belief is not the same as an aesthetic approach to his bolt through flange, spring washer big nut, cup-washer spring cup-washer, sleeve eye back, cup-washer spring cup-washer, washer little nut little nut lock, any more than it informs the development of the draught on a designer's board. If we are appalled at the nature of almost meaningless repetitive work, it is no good fooling ourselves in order to condone it. I believe there are remedies, but the *inversion* of aesthetics with history, economics and politics is not one of them.—Yours, etc.,

Enstone

C. R. PINSENT

Disappearing Words

Sir,—I have read with interest and surprise Mr. Sparrow's observations on Midland dialect words, and the ensuing correspondence.

In the area of south Derbyshire where I was born, all the words mentioned by your correspondents are still in common use. I am proud to use them myself. Here are some more, which Mr. Sparrow might like to add to his collection:

Sprattle: to struggle for a foothold on a slippery surface (of a horse)
 Spragg: to dig in the hooves when drawing a heavy load (of a horse)
 Squitter: a light shower of rain
 Sween away: to die off (of plants)
 Narge: the thick matted growth at the top of a thorn hedge
 Ratchel: rubble or stones in soil
 Remble: to dig over, especially to dig away top soil to seek for stone or minerals (used by Tennyson in his dialect poems)
 Queedle or Kiggle: to balance uncertainly, as on a see-saw
 Swish-ways: diagonally

And here are some which can be found in Middle English poetry:

Grindlestone: grindstone ('As one upon a grindlestone hadde grounden a sithe': 'Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight')

Hercle: to cower, especially in cold or rain ('And hares upon herthe stones shall hurle in hire forme': 'Wynne and Wastoure')

The Chaucerian 'highth' is used instead of 'height' in any south-Derbyshire farmyard, and the lovely word 'throstle' is still used for a song thrush.

If Mr. Sparrow would like to hear these and other fine idioms still used in living speech, let him hasten to that doomed gem of rural England, the village of Dale Abbey, before the flood of industrial and suburban squalor finally flows over it. I shall be happy to provide him with some introductions.—Yours, etc.,
 Long Sutton

WILLIAM L. FRYER

Sir,—Mr. Moroney is in error if he thinks that I said that 'knocking off' is no longer to be heard in midland speech. It was the origin of that particular phrase which interested me. As for its pejorative sense, i.e., stealing, surely that is simply slang and little less undesirable than the nefarious activity it stands for.

'Mizzle' in the sense of 'disappear' seems to be fairly widespread. Can anyone explain its derivation? 'Mither' certainly is not peculiar to Leicestershire; its variant 'moither' is widespread.

Many correspondents have assured me that 'mardy' is much alive. It is worth preserving and ill deserves the suspicion of disrespectability which clings to it.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 3

W. J. SPARROW

Sir,—I was interested in the correspondence on 'Disappearing Words' in THE LISTENER of May 17.

Mr. Moroney wonders if 'mither' is peculiar to Leicester. I can assure him that this word is also used extensively in Lancashire: 'chunter', too, is widely used in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and in parts of Lancashire is heard as 'chunner'.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

R. F. TYLDSLEY

Techniques of Social Control in South Africa

(continued from page 709)

ment are handled by administrative procedures, decision making is an all-white affair, and the Natives can only direct the attention of administrators to their grievances.

This was also roughly the position in regard to Native affairs generally when the Government took office, but the Native Affairs Department is virtually a government within a government, and the Bantu Authorities Act and the Bantu Education Act have increased the administrative centralisation of Native affairs. Natives are represented in parliament, but the representation is by white persons and is relatively negligible in terms of power. The same model is being used for the Coloured vote and Coloured affairs and, no doubt, will serve also for Indians when government supporters give up the idea that the compulsory expatriation of Indians is practical politics. The representation of non-whites in parliament conflicts with the technique of removing non-white affairs from politics to administration; its extent, however, is fully controlled, and, in any event, the Government is right in assuming that white domination rests safely in the hands of an all-white parliament.

Apart from representations to the Government, both inside and outside of parliament, the non-whites have only two legal means for bringing about social change. They can enforce their legal rights, as the American Negroes have done so effectively. In the South African case of *Reg. v. Lusu*, for example, Lusu established his right to enter a railway waiting room reserved for Europeans, because the facilities for non-Europeans were unequal, and the railway administration had not been given the specific power to discriminate. If there has been constitutional guarantees of equal rights, as in the United States, this decision might have led to improved facilities for non-whites. As it is, the Government replied directly by passing the Reservation of Separate Amenities Act, which permits any person to discriminate between the races in public premises or vehicles. Clearly, the Government's monopoly of legislative power is such that we may discount the exercise by non-whites of their legal rights as an instrument of social change.

Certain forms of non-co-operation, and particularly the boycott as advocated by the Non-European Unity Movement, could possibly become effective. The Non-European Unity Movement argues that white domination depends on the participation of non-whites in a variety of political institutions created for their enslave-

ment: if, therefore, non-whites refused to work this machinery, refused to serve on advisory or school boards, or on Bantu Authorities, and so on, the whole administrative basis of white domination would collapse. The difficulty is that a boycott of this type requires solidarity, since the co-operation with Government of only a section of the non-whites is sufficient to ensure that the administrative posts will be filled. In any event, the Government can always legislate against organised boycotts, or declare conspiracy to boycott a criminal offence, and thus bring them within the scope of the Suppression of Communism Act.

This Act, of 1950, is really an act for the control over illegal means of bringing about social change. Communism, which becomes an offence, is defined not only in Marxist terms but also as any doctrine or scheme which aims at bringing about any political, industrial, social, or economic change by unlawful acts or omissions. Thus, the Government's legislative plans anticipated the passive resistance movement by some two years, and the leaders of that movement were promptly indicted for statutory communism. This procedure was too cumbersome for the thousands of rank and file resisters who defied the pass laws and railway *apartheid*, and the Government therefore introduced the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1953, which imposed heavy penalties of fines, imprisonment, or whipping, for offences committed in protest against any law. Since white domination rests on legislation, the sanctity of the law is vital to its maintenance. The Public Safety Act of 1953, enabling the Government to assume the widest powers in times of emergency, is the final weapon in the control of change by illegal means.

I find it difficult to see in what way the Government's plans could be made more effective. They are so carefully conceived that resistance by the non-whites, as in Lusu's case or in the passive resistance movement, merely serves to perfect them. Yet the results may be the very opposite of what the Government desires. It is highly doubtful whether the *apartheid* pattern of race relations is compatible with a modern industrial state. Economic development is concentrating the population in the urban areas and increasing the contacts between the races: there is a need for a stable, non-migrant, Native labour force, with adequate incentives; efficiency demands that the selection of workers should be based on capacity and not on racial criteria. If *apartheid* and industrial

profit conflict, then there may be a realignment of forces within the white group, and a change in the whole structure of domination. Moreover among the non-whites all the main political organisations call for unity. African nationalism is beginning to conquer Bantu tribalism, and the very insistence of the Government on separation has given rise to a counter-movement for non-white solidarity. The Government's plans depend on the co-operation of the non-whites, but the plans themselves have called forth a spirit of resistance. So, too, the Government's description of all forms of illegal social change as communism, and its actions against non-white political leaders under the Suppression of Communism Act, may give rise to the traditional communism which the Government most fears, just as the earlier outlawing of the Communist Party has driven many communists into other organisations.

The techniques of social control, though used systematically and thoroughly, as they have been in South Africa, are not, after all, scientific techniques in the sense that their results will be constant or even wholly predictable.

—Third Programme

Among recent publications are: *The Annual Register of World Events: a Review of the Year 1955*, edited by Sir Ivion Macadam (Longmans, 105s.); *Britannica Book of the Year, 1956: The Events of 1955*, edited by John Armitage (Encyclopaedia Britannica Ltd., from 84s. according to binding); *Modern Political Parties*, edited by Sigmund Neumann (Cambridge, 56s. 6d.); *The Politics of Compromise: a Study of Parties and Cabinet Government in Sweden*, by Dankwart A. Rustow (Oxford, for Princeton, 40s.); *The Conservative Party of Canada 1920-1949*, by John R. Williams (Cambridge, for Duke, 45s.); *The Power Elite*, by C. Wright Mills (Oxford, 36s.); *Ulster Under Home Rule*, edited by Thomas Wilson (Oxford, 21s.); *France and England in North America*, by Francis Parkman, edited by Samuel Eliot Morison (Faber, 30s.); *Unity and Variety in Muslim Civilization*, edited by Gustave E. von Grunebaum (Cambridge, for Chicago, 45s.); *Africa in the Modern World*, edited by Calvin W. Stillman (Cambridge, for Chicago, 45s.); *Trades Union Government and Administration in Great Britain*, by B. C. Roberts (Bell, 31s. 6d.); *Bwamba: a Structural-Functional Analysis of a Patrilineal Society*, by Edward H. Winter (Heffer, 30s.); *Psychology of Personnel in Business and Industry*, by Roger M. Bellows (Staples, 42s.) and *Dynamic Factors in Industrial Productivity*, by Seymour Melman (Blackwell, 22s. 6d.)

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Central Blue. By Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor.

Cassell. 30s.

AT FIRST SIGHT Sir John Slessor's 'Recollections and Reflections', which run to 700 substantial pages, seem much too long. But when one has noted those parts—chiefly personal accounts of his early days in India and at the Staff College and such reflections as those on the Quetta earthquake and on sport—which might well have been omitted altogether, those few subjects—such as the controversy in the inter-war years concerning the use of air power for the control of undeveloped territories—which could have been dealt with more briefly without loss of clarity, and the few occasions on which the author indulges in unnecessary repetition, one has to admit that the book could not have been greatly reduced in size without losing some of its value as a contribution to the two main issues with which it deals. These are British military planning and rearmament, primarily from the Air Force point of view, between the two wars, and the British conduct of the second world war in so far as the author came into contact with or contributed to it.

Sir John's discussion of the first of these questions occupies the prominent place in his first 200 pages. Having been in the Plans branch of the Air Staff between 1928 and 1930 and at the head of that branch from 1937 to 1940, he is in an excellent position to give us an account of this important subject; and as the Air Council has allowed him to refresh his memory by reference to the official records, his account can be accepted as authoritative. Not the least valuable section in this part of the book, therefore, is that in which he deals with the Munich crisis in the light of the military planning and rearmament—such as it was—that preceded it. He regards the British surrender at Munich as the inevitable culmination of the misjudgement of earlier years, and he gives little comfort to those who, fortified by Sir Winston Churchill's opinions, still believe that Great Britain would have been wiser to fight than to give way.

This is not the only example of Sir John's disagreement with Sir Winston. He does not hide the fact that Sir Winston and himself did not much like each other; but his refusal to indulge in the present-day atmosphere of uncritical adulation, despite his admiration for Sir Winston, 'particularly on the really big issues of policy', is salutary and refreshing. It also gives added importance to this account of the war, as does the fact that Sir John was C.-in-C. Coastal Command at a particularly crucial period in the Battle of the Atlantic, which enables him to say wise things about inter-service operations. For the rest, the account must take its place among the many others that have appeared or are appearing from men who, like the author, were called on to share the main responsibility and who had unusual opportunities for forming judgements. None of these volumes of memoirs—not excluding Sir Winston's—can be more than a contribution to some final history of the war, but Sir John's will probably be among the more important among them.

Report on Unidentified Flying Objects

By E. J. Ruppelt. Gollancz. 18s.

Mr. Ruppelt has written an interesting book from the knowledge he gained when he was in charge of the American Air Force organisation set up five years ago to discover what the mysterious objects in the American sky, the so-called

flying saucers, were. These were first sighted in 1947 and the stories about them soon became a legend. Pilots were the first observers. They described the objects as moving like 'a saucer skipping across water' and estimated their speed as being of the order of 2,000 miles an hour. They sometimes appeared blue. At other times orange-red flames were seen shooting from their backs. They could climb faster than any known airplane and at times could disappear from view almost magically. They appeared at times to emit energy, and the simultaneity of the energy output recorded on the ground with the object's identification by radar in the sky is one of the hardest things to explain about the whole business.

Mr. Ruppelt has all the inside information that one can have, but he is not quite certain that everything can be explained on ordinary scientific grounds. He gives his reader the legends, the gossip, the outrageous theories that have been put forward to explain the occurrences as well as the hard scientific facts and the debunking explanations. He notes that the great majority of reported incidents have occurred in the United States and in the neighbourhood of vital security spots. The reader who is interested in the speeds of jet airplanes and balloons and rockets and all things that are located by radar will find great interest in this book. So will the reader who likes to know how a legend can grow and even take wings. The cold, calculating scientist, who is quite aware that strange things can happen, will put it all down to perfectly natural happenings: the presence of jets, balloons, rockets, and birds in the sky, and exaggerated description by observers, perhaps a little tight, or by pilots with not quite their proper amount of oxygen. He will be surprised that the author toys, even though non-committally, with the idea of interplanetary space-ships—surely a fantastic theory at this time of day.

The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick

Edited by L. C. Martin. Oxford. 63s.

In 1625, when Robert Herrick was still in his thirties, his name was coupled, in some commemorative verses on James I, with those of the admired Elizabethan veterans Jonson and Drayton. Fifty years later, a few months after his death, he was somewhat slightly dismissed by Edward Phillips, in *Theatrum Poetarum*: 'That which is chiefly pleasant in these Poems, is now and then a pretty Flourey and Pastoral gale of Fancy, a vernal prospect of some Hill, Cave, Rock, or Fountain; which but for the interruption of other trivial passages might have made up none of the worst Poetic Landscips'. Later comments on his verse are equally grudging.

The change is not hard to explain. As his present editor suggests, Herrick's particular vein of fancy, and for that matter his 'other trivial passages', would not have been much to the taste of generations that had learnt to appreciate 'the ingenuities and strong lines of the metaphysical poets, whom Herrick had not greatly cared to imitate'. This shift in taste would account for the comparative neglect of *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers*, copies of which were still on the booksellers' hands many years after their publication in 1648—which provides an ironical comment on Herrick's own lines:

To Print our Poems, the propulsive cause
Is Fame, (the breath of popular applause).

The new delight in lyrical poetry, and in 'nature poetry' which really is about nature, was no doubt responsible for Herrick's re-discovery by the romantics. Though he was

attacked for his grossness by Campbell and Southey and others, the praise becomes increasingly unreserved through the nineteenth century. From the eulogy of that excellent resuscitator of dead reputations, the *Retrospective Review*, the acclamation swells to a climax in Swinburne's description of him as 'the greatest song-writer—as surely as Shakespeare is the greatest dramatist—ever born of English race'. To some this will perhaps seem extravagant praise; yet Herrick has continued to stand very high in the esteem of readers of poetry. The modern reader is not greatly disturbed by his coarseness, which in any case is often accompanied by an epigrammatic wit, and the crystal clarity and freshness of his countryside poems provide welcome relief from the complex thought and style of our recent poets. He can give pleasure in many moods, and remains one of the most engaging of our singers.

The present volume, which is beautifully produced, supersedes the earlier edition in the Oxford English Texts by F. W. Moorman, and Herrick has been well served by his new editor. Mr. Martin provides an excellent critical text of the *Hesperides* and the *Noble Numbers*. To the poems in these collections he adds about forty which can with reasonable certainty be accepted as Herrick's work; of these, twenty-five have not appeared in previous editions, and six have not hitherto been ascribed to Herrick. He includes also the surviving letters from the poet's Cambridge correspondence with his uncle, Sir William Herrick, to whom he had earlier been apprenticed as a goldsmith.

Very little detailed knowledge of Herrick's life has come down to us. It is not known, for instance, where he had his schooling, nor how he spent the years between his graduation and his appointment to his Devonshire living—though it may be supposed that this was the period of his intimacy with Jonson and others of the tribe of Ben—nor how he fared during the long years of the Commonwealth, when he was as a royalist ejected from his living. Mr. Martin records all the known facts, but indulges in no speculation, and he wisely leaves the poems to speak for the poet's personality, as they so eloquently do. In his commentary he is always concise and to the point, and he has assembled more information about Herrick's 'literary and intellectual affiliations' than has so far been made available in a single work. Among his predecessors, he takes the opportunity of paying a tribute to the devoted labours of the Victorian clergyman C. P. Phinn, some of whose copious annotations in a set of Grosart's *Herrick* now in the British Museum have been used before, but hitherto, by their author's desire, anonymously.

France, 1940-1955

By Alexander Werth. Hale. 35s.

It is fourteen years since Alexander Werth's last book on France. In his new one, the world has been turned upside-down, and the Paris of 'Munich' is buried as deeply as the city of Ys. Only the ghosts, Reynaud, Daladier, Pierre Cot, still squeak and gibber in the Palais Bourbon. This new Werth is on the grand scale. At a rough computation, there must be some 300,000 words, which occupy close on eight hundred pages. There is a preface by G. D. H. Cole, and, for full measure, a commendatory letter from M. Mendès-France covers both flaps of the jacket. It is a little daunting, this history of fifteen years—for Mr. Werth brings us from the collapse of 1940 right up to last December.

The earlier section deals at some length with



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the period from the declaration of war to the year of Liberation. This is less narrative than a valuable analysis of the many facets of France under Vichy and the Germans, among others the ramifications of the various resistance groups, particularly the difference between the occupied and unoccupied fragments of the country, the ambivalent attitude of the Church, and finally the vexed question of the extent of the purge of collaborators high and low. As other men now think, he has reached the conclusion that Laval's trial was a bad miscarriage of justice. It is at least fair to Laval to remark that rightly or wrongly he accepted responsibility in 1942 (his second term of office under Vichy) and did much to modify the harshness of the German demands, when other men played meaner parts.

One gathers, though it is nowhere stated, that Mr. Werth returned to Paris as a correspondent at some time in 1945 or early 1946, and from this point was a close observer of the political scene, both internal and diplomatic. What he has to say, he says in great detail. Not for Mr. Werth the mordant generalisations of Dr. Lüthy, whose orderly Swiss mind was exasperated by the spectacle of Frenchmen digging their country's grave. Mr. Werth calmly reports each shovel of earth and the reasons of the chief grave-digger of the hour for this particular service, but he has no illusions about the way things have been going from the first initial error of refusing to clean up the currency in 1945, which, coupled with the failure to come to terms with Ho Chi-Minh in 1946, drove France onto the American pay-roll and ended the dream of independence of both East and West. The loans have been paid for by the break-up of the Resistance movement, which is today looked on askance, by ten years of colonial warfare and impoverishment, and by the return to the bitterness of party politics and that horror of responsibility which discredited the Third Republic. How rapidly was Mendès-France shed as soon as he showed the cloven hoof of the reformer.

For those who wish more than generalities, this book is of immense value. True, it is sometimes difficult to see the trees, let alone the wood, for the grapevines that festoon them. But with its easy narratives, its sketches of personalities, the actuality of its reporting, its documentation, and its appreciation of political realities, it is the most important book on France which has appeared since 1945.

The Book of Poisons. By Gustav Schenk **Translated by Michael Bullock.**

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.

The learned Dr. Schenk has written a book which is more suitable for the general reader and the lending library than for the student of toxicology and the university reading-room. It is, on the whole, a good book, a splendid bedside one. There is no doubt of the author's great learning on the subject and of his keen interest in every kind of poisons. He is at times, perhaps, too emotional as he tells his tale, often a harrowing one, about some frightful drug that lurks in some vegetable or flower that has every appearance of being innocent. He is exuberant in descriptive adjectives. Often the book is more like good talk than ordinary writing. It is not too difficult in treatment for an interested reader and most of the poisons and drugs are given their ordinary names instead of their rather frightening chemical formulae.

When we learn of the harmful poisons that lurk in so many of the plants in our fields we must wonder how the human race ever managed to survive in the old days. Dr. Schenk is sure that many of our ancestors must have died to make eating safe for us. He admits, however,

that there is a providential side to the whole business. Taste, smell, and the immediate reaction of our insides do help to warn the uninitiated, both among ourselves and the lower animals, of danger. One good point is that our bodies try to kill a poison before it kills them. Give a man a small dose of a poison like nitrobenzene, a laboratory product which does not exist in any known plant or animal; his body can have had no previous experience of this drug and cannot, at first sight, know what to do. Yet straight away in the normal human being it converts the nitrobenzene into a harmless compound which the body can eliminate within forty-eight hours and so protect itself. One point the author makes repeatedly is that in very small doses your poison may be a medicine. This is, of course, of enormous importance to our well-being. Another is that one animal's poison may be harmless to another. Prussic acid, which is sudden death to mankind, is seemingly harmless to a bird like the barn-owl.

The ordinary reader may be perhaps most interested in the very mild poisons that we tolerate in our foods and drinks: alcohol, the barbiturates of tea and coffee, the nicotine of tobacco, and so on. The author takes sensible views of their general use by us in view of the known scientific facts about their effects on our bodies, and takes a fanatical view only when he talks of their chemical substitutes, which he condemns.

The author deals also with legend and witchcraft and shows his wide knowledge of ancient writers who discoursed on drugs and poisons. His enthusiasm for every aspect of the subject never deserts him and he is surprisingly accurate in detail for one who writes at times with such gusto and even, occasionally, wildness. Gusto and information are indeed Dr. Schenk's strong suits. The translation is excellent.

Mutiny at the Curragh. By A. P. Ryan. **Macmillan. 18s.**

The greater events of August 1914 supervened, not only to prevent civil war in Ireland, but to obscure for a long while the magnitude and significance of what had been taking place when the English Conservative Party and high army officers, serving and retired, including Lord Roberts, were organising the Ulster rebellion against parliament. It was a momentous happening with great consequences, for what the Ulster Volunteers had first prepared to do, setting up their own government, the Sinn Féiners were to do a few years later. There must have been some deep reasons to make British Conservatives and British Army officers adopt so exceptional and so violent a course, when no people in the world had in general more to gain by upholding legality, or more need to watch the example they set, whether in the industrial or the colonial field. What the strong motive was, 'the reason why', emerges clearly in Mr. Ryan's careful and dispassionate account of that stormy passage in our history.

Fundamentally it was religious, the expression of traditional, deep-seated Protestant feeling, an apprehension about their future as a Protestant minority, which made the Ulster Volunteers feel like their seventeenth-century Scottish ancestors, and sign another Covenant based on that of 1638. The Home Rule Bill of 1912 looks today a very modest measure of self-government. A great deal was reserved, including a power to disallow Irish legislation, and in fact, Protestants in the Free State, and now in the Republic of Ireland, have lived since 1921 in a way that makes the language of 1913 read like hysteria. Of course, in an Ireland that included Protestant Ulster, the Protestant voice would have counted for much more. But when Rudyard Kipling wrote his *Battle Ode*:

We know the hells prepared,

For such as serve not Rome,

he was expressing a widespread mood. However, as Mr. Ryan well shows, there were other considerations, which included, he argues, a craving for excitement, a readiness for adventure, a reaction against what was wrongly imagined to be an age of growing comfort and uneventfulness. Mr. Ryan might have made more of the desperate anxiety there was to turn out a government, thought of as 'the Radicals', who had been in power for eight years, had won three elections and in that time broken the Lords' Veto and launched the country on redistributive social budgets.

The cavalry officers of the Curragh were living in the aftermath of the South African War, when the Irish Nationalists had supported the enemy. They were, in the last analysis, at the Curragh to maintain Dublin Castle. They found themselves in a paradoxical position, if they were to coerce the Ulster Protestants. Mr. Ryan tells very well the story of the bungling way in which these officers were consulted; he suggests that it is very unlikely that the crisis would ever have arisen if either Seely's successor, Haldane, or his successor, Asquith, had been Secretary of State. It is arguable that 'mutiny' is too harsh a term for the resignations of these officers; and it is perhaps a pity that the title of the book turns the limelight on to them, when it was the actions of the Conservative Party leaders which were far more decisive and perilous to the constitution.

So moderate a nationalist as John Redmond, addressing Irish-American rallies, declared that all his hearers would rejoice to learn that a German army was invading England from Yarmouth to Milford Haven. For their part the Ulstermen, through the mouth of Carson, publicly appealed to Germany as the chief Protestant power to come to their aid. It was ironical that it was, in fact, the actions of the Kaiser that saved the situation. Ireland was lost to the Commonwealth it is true, but parliamentary democracy in England was saved by the outbreak of war, so that men came to forget how one of the great parties in the state had been prepared to wreck it by force, and within a year the leading wreckers were themselves to be high in the government.

The Archbishop and the Lady: The Story of Fénelon and Madame Guyon **By Michael de la Bedoyère.** **Collins. 16s.**

The seventeenth century in France was an age of great theological controversies, and one of the greatest was the battle of books and of wits, at the end of the century, between Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, and Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai. It concerned the place of mysticism in the Catholic Church, and more specifically in the Gallican Church. For Bossuet, powerful in the administration of church and state, mysticism was, in the author's words, 'essentially a lamentable extravagance, a kind of spiritual failing tempting the odder saints'. For Fénelon, ascetic and introspective, it was the heart of all true religion. Their public debate was sensational, partly because so violent a dispute between French bishops disrupted the church, but even more because implicated in the controversy were high political issues—the pietism which centred around Madame de Maintenon at the court of Louis XIV, the future of the Dauphin to whom Fénelon had been appointed tutor, and the nationalist issues raised when the dispute was referred for settlement to the papacy.

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There are in this country vast sources of material awaiting discovery in archives which have not been sifted for decades.

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Losses of diamonds from theft have always been heavy and are unlikely ever to disappear despite the most elaborate precautions.

THE PROBLEM OF ODOURS

No one has yet been able to measure a smell. Nor for that matter has any one yet succeeded in showing what a smell is.

a Motte Guyon. Passionately convinced of her own capacity for mystical experience and direct inner communion with God through 'passive prayer', she practised and preached religious beliefs which came to be associated with the Quietist revivalist movement recently condemned as heretical. She recklessly committed to paper and to friends the most detailed and extravagant accounts of her spiritual experiences and reflections. Convinced of her sincerity and of the value of her mystical faith shorn of its baroque excesses, Fénelon defended her against all who for reasons of faith or of politics tried to persecute her. But he was unable to save her from years of imprisonment and from endless interrogations, or from the smear-campaign against his personal relations with her, so eagerly launched by the agents of Bossuet.

It is the book's outstanding merit that it avoids all temptations to depict the contrasts

of character and conduct in black and white, and that the author strives so conscientiously to be fair to all parties in the dispute. This results in a subtle yet entirely convincing portrayal of seventeenth-century characters: their overwhelming anxiety to remain conformist and orthodox in faith, their agonising reappraisals of personal spiritual experiences so as to bring them into conformity with church doctrines, and their un-modern assumptions that the precise relation of man to God was the most important thing in the world. Even so, it is the great Bossuet who emerges from the story as lacking scruple (when he published knowledge acquired in the confessional) and as politically ruthless in his resolve to 'grind Fénelon to dust'. Of most general interest is the exposure of the intricate interplay of religion and politics in the reign of Louis XIV. The king himself never understood the issues and was soon bored by the con-

troversy, but wanted 'this unpleasant business' ended because it sounded dangerous to the state and was, Madame de Maintenon assured him, 'very naughty in itself'. Her own role in the affair was perhaps its mainspring, for after supporting the activities of Madame Guyon she came to resent her relations with Fénelon and to encourage Bossuet in his ruthlessness.

It seems a far cry from an age when feminine rivalries and courtly intrigues could be so closely involved in the most refined theological niceties debated by the most eminent ecclesiastics. Yet the position of Fénelon has analogies, as the author suggests, with that of an American Republican party leader suddenly discovered to be the secret backer of an eminent fellow-traveller. The immediate outcome was a ferocious witch-hunt, in which Bossuet had little to learn from Senator McCarthy.

New Novels

The House on the Hill. By Cesare Pavese. Peter Owen. 13s. 6d.

Spring List. By Ralph Arnold. Murray. 10s. 6d.

Crusader's Tomb. By A. J. Cronin. Gollancz. 15s.

The Sleepless Moon. By H. E. Bates. Michael Joseph. 15s.

IN four years before the war, Cesare Pavese made a reputation for himself in Italy with nine books. His suicide in 1950 was a national disaster. This novel, *The House on the Hill*, one of his last, explains something of the personal tragedy. It is about the bombing of Turin during the war, the liberation period, and the subsequent civil war in which a school-master with pacifist tendencies becomes involved. Very far from that type of literature connected with heroic times which the French call *engagée*, it shows the hero not only unwilling to take part in the A.R.P. defence of his city, but wishing to escape nightly to 'the house on the hill', well out of danger and owned by two doting elderly females. Here, in the intervals of being coaxed, the young man walks about in the woods accompanied by his dog, observing the nocturnal bangs and crashes in the valley below, musing on the incongruities of life, and trying to recapture something of his lost youth. In this, he is helped by a woman he meets and with whom he once had an affair.

I am not necessarily a lover of *engagée* literature, but I do see that the Ivory Tower attitude was all very well at the end of the last century when one's country was not going through a tremendous experience; but—as the example of our own young writers who went to America in 1939 shows—to turn one's back on important national experiences however wrong and stupid they may be is, from a purely selfish point of view, unwise; it may even be death to a writer's work. It is only at the end of this sensitive piece of writing that Pavese remotely approaches this conclusion; for most of the book, the note of continuous self-pity strikes unfavourably on modern ears. His book is subtle and full of overtones (marred by an occasional jerkiness which must, I think, be credited to the translation); it is the work of a self-conscious artist born into the brutal epoch of Marinetti, who has seen clearly that, in Marinetti's words, art and beauty are butterflies caught in the cogs of a great machine. In this sense, Pavese speaks for us all, with all our limitations and inability to control the machine. The note of despair, about himself, the future, and all he loves, echoes eerily through his book. It is not difficult to understand why it found further and more tragic expression in the act of 1950.

Spring List by Ralph Arnold should be read by all authors. It shows their perpetual friend-adversaries, the publishers, their support and their anathema, in action. With a good deal of wit, Mr. Arnold takes us into a 'Tuesday morning conference', where half a dozen directors of a publishing house, confronted with piles of MSS and readers' reports, are deciding what to take and reject. The aged head of the firm is particularly well portrayed. 'In publishing' for fifty years, the old man never reads a manuscript, yet always knows what to take—or rather, he does not know what to take (though he thinks he does), for if publishers really knew what to take they would all be rolling around in Rolls-Royces, smoking havanas and wearing astrakhan collars. They are manifestly not doing this in London today; and Mr. Arnold shows them as a dignified body of hard-working, conscientious business men who might be selling shirts, earning their pennies with strain, toiling to work on bus and tube, and balding at their ill-aided desks in the service of literature.

The plot is based on the struggle of two rival publishers for the memoirs of a war tycoon, a species of Wingate, and Mr. Arnold spices it with a pair of 'lady novelists', neither of them of any literary importance, one of whom is in the transatlantic Book-of-the-Month class. There is some dull writing in the middle, where the author wanders off into vanishing diplomat problems, and the Iron Curtain erects itself uneasily and rustily. Mr. Arnold has a distressing tendency, too, to break suddenly into five pages of continuous dialogue, giving the impression of writing a play rather than a novel. But once he is back in Russell Square, in the carpetless passages, among the mono-imprint book jackets on the shelves and the piles of dog-eared rejected masterpieces, we feel at home again, actually *fond* of publishers after reading his novel. What more could one ask of an author?

The next two novelists are so well known that I have left them to the last (believing that the reviewer should speak rather of the new than the old); they are so confident, too, that they can almost forget about the twentieth century and wander about in any period that happens to take their fancy. Indeed, Mr. Cronin's book *Crusader's Tomb*, is such a period-piece that I thought, at times, I was reading *Of Human*

Bondage—the ineffective young hero destined by his parents for some humdrum occupation, like the Church or the Law, who dreams instead of going off to the Riviera, having an affair with a woman called Donna Rita, or living on a remote island in the South Seas painting masterpieces. In this case, a young curate forsakes his cloth for the cloak and palette world of Montparnasse at the beginning of the century; he sits about on the boulevards among the bohemians and learns to paint. The feeling that we have been here before is strong; the theme, too, of genius unappreciated, of the artist like Hals or Van Gogh who has to die to become great, is not unfamiliar. But it is a noble theme, perhaps one of the noblest in the world. I, for one, shall not tire of hearing it, when it is expressed by such a sincere and accomplished writer as Mr. Cronin.

Mr. Bates' novel *The Sleepless Moon* is another period-piece, about rural England in the post-first world war era, and the career of a kind of English Emma Bovary, a beautiful, listless woman married to the prosperous village grocer. It, too, is wonderfully assured in technique, revealing its author as much as the likeable characters. At a time when successful novels often depend on the author's gall and bitterness, it is refreshing to come upon someone like Mr. Bates who seems to love everybody. He even succeeds in making the grocer a fascinating personality. This admirable man, mayor of his community, respected too by the gentry with whom he rides confidently to hounds, has that highly English quality of regarding sexual love in marriage as something like measles, which everyone has to pass through to become quite grown-up. It is understandable that such a man, for all his marital tenderness, can have little conception of the velleities fluttering inside the breast of his sensitive, artistic but inarticulate wife. Unversed in worldly matters, she only knows that a quality must be missing in a relationship so unfulfilled. This situation, in the familiar Bates background of rural England, among the wintry hunting-fields and summer streams, the woods in spring time and the market squares, is worked out gradually as they drift apart, each to find in their individual ways the satisfaction their stars have marked out for them.

ANTHONY RHODES

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Inventors Wanted

INVENTIVENESS HAS certainly not been given its fling lately on the documentary side of B.B.C. television. Dutifully, I look at all the stock stuff: 'Panorama', 'Highlight', 'The Brains Trust', 'Facts and Figures', 'Saturday-Night Out', and the rest. Last week, I also watched 'Basketball', 'We, the British', 'Look', 'Picture Parade', 'The World Is Ours', 'Fashion Spotlight', 'Germany v. England' (international football), and felt more than ever that this is a grasshopper existence, this jiggling from places to faces, from close-ups to mid-shots, from subjects to topics, from Lilliput to Brobdingnag and back again by way of London, W.12. Where in the soritic chain is there assurance of anything but absurdity at the end of it, that we viewing millions really are being informed and educated (Charter-wise) and not merely enabled to pass the time? One is more readily convinced of a pullulating heedlessness which television, for all that we know to the contrary, may be encouraging, a vast common aversion from the effort of concentration which undeniably characterises our human kind. Some of us complain that television is niggardly in allowing only half an hour to programmes such as 'Christian Forum'. The horrid truth, discovered by the pioneers of the 'new' journalism sixty years ago, is even more horrid because more true after eighty years of popular education. The best that can be said for television up to now is that it is taking our attention, like any other phenomenon. In doing so, it may be still further reducing our power to give attention to what is not phenomenal. Will that matter now we can build machines to concentrate for us? The question had better be abandoned to those whose forebrains are less atrophied. Perhaps our English incuriosity, resented by some foreigners, may after all be our salvation.

No more than two or three of last week's programmes challenged my attention to surrender point. I liked 'Home Town', which is to viewers what 'Country Town' has been to Home Service listeners, an engaging display of local manners, customs, and talents. The venue was Caernarvon, wearing for the day a misty mantle that frustrated the camera's purposeful wanderings without detracting much from one's enjoyment of an unfamiliar scene. A bit of 1912 newsreel, showing the proclamation of the Prince, did more than give us a glimpse of the continuing prevalence of cock's feathers in the pageant of British history. It reminded us that in Wales the nineteenth century still often shows through the twentieth, like a lining that is stronger than its covering fabric. We saw and heard nothing in the programme to betray the tensions of our present age. Blessedly relaxed by a skilful blending of tradition, speech, and song, we could not even bring ourselves to criticise our neighbours for their frantic pursuit of education as an end in itself. Once again, their native spokesman, Hywel Davies, was an admir-



The basketball match between the Harlem Globetrotters and the Texas Cowboys televised from the Empire Pool, Wembley, on May 21

able master of the ceremonies of local self-expression.

'Panorama' projected an attractive and heartening film of the last of the Thames sailing barges. It made a restful contrast to an interview with the Colonial Secretary on Singapore, with its confession of one more failure of confidence between peoples. By way of winding up its long and successful session, 'Look' presented excerpts from previous programmes, most of them fetching to the eye and some irresistibly so, e.g., Heinz Seilmann's woodpeckers, Peter Scott's wildfowl, Walter Higham's flamingoes and storks, H. G. Hurrell's pine martens, Captain Knight's eagles, and Lord Alanbrooke's hawks. These have been among television's more exclusive pleasures, admitting us into the company of philosophic observers of nature for whom the loudspeaker is but a lesser menace than the gun.

As an exercise in national self-examination 'We, the British: Are We In Decline?' might have been expected to throw off an epigram or two into the receptive air, if only as a sign that it was not intended to reach masochistic depths. The tone all through has been too pedagogic for a theme that is as provocative as any that B.B.C. television has tackled so far. Lecture-hall echoes have been stirred but no pulse-beats either of alarm or pride. If emotion was not in the script, fair enough; but there were openings for some wit to leaven the dry periods. The Lytton Strachey touch was not only wanted but warranted. I will gladly grant that last week's instalment, the penultimate, was the best, disregarding the producer's tricks with his audience-reaction gadget which made child's play of Christopher Mayhew's questions. It dealt with the present state of religion in this country and took film soundings of some good intelligences, with the benign authority of Dr. Wand available for consultation in the studio.

We find the same solemn cast of thought in 'The World Is Ours' film series, made by B.B.C. television in conjunction with United Nations and other specialised agencies. To the light-minded viewer these films must seem terribly earnest, but even he must acknowledge that they are intent on rendering some service to the world, and, too, that they have production excellences which often lift them well above the documentary average. Last week, it was the turn of 'World Bank', which told the story of the financing of social reconstruction schemes in three continents.

Sunday night's epilogue introduced the element of surprise by presenting Elisabeth Bergner in a Bible reading, beautifully spoken. It was prefaced by the Rev. Roy McKay, Head of the B.B.C. Religious Broadcasting Department, looking like young Matthew Arnold, an appealing piece of television portraiture.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Ibsenite and Marxian

THE SALUTE made by B.B.C. television to the memory of Henrik Ibsen on the fiftieth anniversary of his death was a production of 'A Doll's House'. I would rather have seen one of the plays more rarely presented, but the obviousness of the choice was given compensation by the brilliance of Stephen Harrison's casting and direction. Mai Zetterling had recently played



Two stills from the television film 'World Bank' in the series 'The World Is Ours', on May 23: left, a dam in Sicily built for electric power and irrigation; right, clearing kans grass in India in order to plant wheat

Nora Helmer in the theatre and won much admiration for her picture of the domestic puppet and womanly woman who resolves to be unwomanly. She knew the part and was free to re-create it; this made 'A Doll's House' a prudent choice. The screen magnified our chance to appreciate the flutter of varying emotions on this player's beautiful and sensitive features: Nora's dilemma and bewilderment have never, for me, been more poignant. The difficult part of the pompous husband had excellent service from Griffith Jones, while the roles of the oily Krogstad and the lugubrious Dr. Rank, both far from easy, were admirably handled by Michael Gough and Laurence Hardy.

'A Doll's House' was written twenty-seven years before Ibsen died in 1906 and it must be difficult for young people of twenty to believe that the banging of Mrs. Helmer's front door had resounded across Europe as a tocsin of feminine liberty and that the English woman of 'advanced views' who attended the first performances in



Scene from 'A Doll's House' on May 24, with (left to right) Griffith Jones as Torvald Helmer, Mai Zetterling as Nora Helmer, and Margot van der Burgh as Christina Linde



Trevor Howard (left) as Kellis and Leo McKern as Zdarov in 'Epitaph' on May 27

London in the eighteen-eighties felt an intense exhilaration. Were they not celebrating a great event in the history of human freedom? In those years intelligent women were still being treated by intellectually eminent, but domestically obtuse, husbands as Dickensian Doras. But with or without a sense of history at work, this play exercises uncanny power every time it is presented and effectively counters Somerset Maugham's notion that a drama of ideas is dead when the idea has become familiar.

I have always thought that when the Puppet-Popet Wife demonstrates her new acquisition of adult status and feminine self-reliance by walking out of the Doll's House, the action is better regarded as symbolic than as plausible. It is hard to believe that Nora could so lightly have abandoned her children to the care of a husband whom she had come to despise for his vanity, vacuity, and selfishness. Was he a suitable parent to bring up her dear ones? But Ibsen, himself wrote another and a stay-at-home ending for the German market, and this was recently played in Scandinavia. The great libertarian can hardly have involved Nora in a humiliating surrender in order to gratify the German taste in domestic discipline; presumably she remained with her husband on terms of domestic equality, with her position as a responsible partner assured. Such a conclusion would

be less theatrical than the banging of the door, but not less likely. I hope we shall some day see the alternative last act on an English stage and screen.

After the Doll, the Guys. Light relief between the two main theatrical productions of the weekend included the Ted Ray Show and the Max Wall Show. To find new (and tolerable) sketches for these entertainments week after week is obviously very difficult. Why then worry to look for them? Both Ray and Wall can be excellent company in monologue or with a single supporting player such as the reliable Kenneth Connor. They are only encumbered by having to caper with a team. Evelyn Laye sang charmingly, for comedy as well as for amusement, in Ted Ray's show, in which the puppeteers, Walton and O'Rourke, pulled the strings with fresh forms of high manipulative ingenuity.

Back to larger matters. 'Epitaph' by Leo Lehman, was the life-and-death story in six scenes and many flash-backs of a communist who married Marxism in faith and repented in reason. Alvin Rakoff's direction, with its interposed and visionary scenes representing the dreams and memories of a dying man, was ambitious, ingenious, but not always successful. He over-played his method and showed unnecessary cleverness at the start, during which the ordinary viewer might very well have wondered what was coming to him and have been so bemused as to give it up before the story became more lucid and the people emerged as clearly drawn characters well worth a full attention. It is poor tactics, when approaching a potential audience of millions, to risk mystifying a large number at the start. Members of the theatre public, having paid for their seats, will not lightly get up and leave during the first half-hour. Viewers, having nothing to lose, are more fidgety, and for many there is the cross-channel passage available at the turn of a knob.

The story of the communist's hard path to disillusion took him from nazi Germany to Spain in 1938, to Moscow in 1940, to the betrayal of the Poles at Warsaw in 1944, then on to U.S.A., and back to England. The tale had increasing power to grip as the character of the central figure, played with a sure touch by Trevor Howard, stood out from the confusion

inherent in the technique employed. Leo McKern has proved on the stage that a party zealot of blood and iron is just his line and he executed, for the screen, another model of Marxian fanaticism in a mixture of steel and ice. The women of the left (or once on that wing) were well represented by Iris Russell and Greta Gynt. Mr. Lehman has been assisted by the Arts Council as a coming dramatist: 'Epitaph', with its energy of writing, showed that the expense was a shrewd investment.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting DRAMA

Mainly Classical

THERE IS NO VALID reason, I suppose, why one should find it hard to take the complete 'Oresteia' of Aeschylus in a single evening of (if my arithmetic is reliable) three hours and forty-five minutes with at least one substantial break for drawing breath between the 'Agamemnon' and 'The Choephoroi'.

But at the end of Sunday night's performance (Third), I felt rather more exhausted than exalted. This had been steady battering, and though—after the lapse of twelve hours or so—there is a good deal to remember gratefully, I would have been happier to have had the trilogy spread over two nights.

In the theatre I have no doubt it would be easier. There one can cheat; but sound-radio, most properly, concentrates the attention. One cannot stray for a moment to some pleasant, though strictly irrelevant, matter of *décor*: the purple and soft saffron hangings, for example, that Benson used when he directed the complete trilogy at Stratford-upon-Avon more than fifty years ago. All the while, in radio-drama, the word is in our ear, and when the word is that of the 'Oresteia' we have to be in full training. On Sunday night, as we sat down at six o'clock, the Watchman of Argos stood beneath the 'nightly conference of stars' and read the beacon's message, the end of the ten year's war. When we rose at eleven, with the lights of that processional torch-flare blazing in our eyes from Athens, the great triple thrust of the 'Oresteia' was over: murder, punishment, expiation; man's rude laws, the justice of the gods. Agamemnon was dead, Clytemnestra his slayer dead, Ægisthus dead, and at the last the Furies were turned to the Eumenides, Pallas Athene's wisdom above all.

Raymond Raikes and his cast, aided by Antony Hopkins' score, united the three plays as they should be united. It was no fault of direction that the effect upon me was that of a rain of blows on the head rather than a piercing of heart, a shaking of soul. Philip Vellacott's text may have been the cause. Usually it was strong and direct, and sometimes—especially in the 'Eumenides'—the speeches would soar and ring. But, often, one felt that the translation was flagging, that it was hard work for the players. Instinctively, a listener strained forward and upward, seeking the 'lift' in the verse, and the strain brought a headache instead of the looked-for exaltation.

Probably it comes back to the old matter of communicating excitement. One of his old pupils has told us how, in the lecture-room, Gilbert Murray's 'eyes would flash and his voice seem to quiver at the beauty of the words he thought and quoted'. On Sunday night we wanted, I think, more of this flash-and-outbreak, though it would be wrong to deny the theatrical impulse of much of Mr. Vellacott's translation and several passages of splendour. I shall not



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forget how Margaret Rawlings, later with the light thunder-cloud above her, spoke Clytemnestra's beacon-speech in the 'Agamemnon', how Beth Boyd expressed the haunted insistence of Cassandra, and how the flexible tones of Peter Wyngarde (with those few minutes as the traveller from Phòkis) made much of Orestes. Over everything and everyone, the majesty of Leon Quartermaine. This is a timeless voice. Five simple words, as he uttered them towards the end of the 'Choephoroi', 'Life must fall for life', still glow in the mind.

I have made a compact with myself to listen to the repetition, whenever this may be. But I shall do so after preliminary prayer and fasting. It has been an experience to meet the trilogy in full, to take that long and perilous journey from the first vigil under the night sky, through the terrors of Argos, to the Furies' transformation in the city of Pallas Athene—Joan Hart spoke nobly here—and mercy replacing vengeance.

I have no idea what Aeschylus would have made of Stanley Featherstonehaugh Utridge, or, for that matter, what the extraordinary young man—whose name, by the way, according to the authorities, is pronounced 'Uke-ridge'—would have made of Aeschylus. Probably he would have begun 'Upon my Sam! . . .', and doubtless P. G. Wodehouse would have found something sage to follow, though it might lack the wisdom of Pallas Athene. We are to meet the man for six weeks (Light) in what are called 'chapters in the life'. The first, 'Dog College', was a brief preliminary run, with Michael Shepley already in possession of the buoyant, spring-heeled voice that belongs to one of the most confirmed optimists in literature. Classical, too, in his fashion. I still wonder what an Aeschylean-Utridgean trilogy might bring. 'Don't you realise the possibilities, old horse?'

From the classical world we came to the modern East Indies, to a version of Eric Linklater's 'The Faithful Ally' (Home), and a Sultan who would have got on in some ways with the Rajah of Rukh, allowing for the fact that he was infinitely more honest and agreeable than Archer's potentate. He knew how to handle a trying situation, surrounded as he was by native rebels, European advisers, a new wife, and some tedious visitors. I feel, even so, that it must be explained more clearly in the novel than in Peter Green's radio version which jumps and dithers. I rarely got a clear picture of the scene—this in spite of a beguiling performance by Leonard Sachs and the care of Wilfrid Grantham's production. 'Upon my Sam!' as Utridge would have said, 'it's a little hard'.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Critical Moments

I HAVE A TENDENCY to think—or I should say feel, since when I stop to think I know it is ridiculous—that people known to me only as broadcasters in some particular line—announcers, sports commentators, members of 'The Critics' or 'Any Questions?' teams, and so forth—spend all their waking hours in pursuit of that line. For instance, when I switch on 'The Critics' I sometimes say to myself 'Good Lord! There they go! Still at it! Chattering away hour after hour, day after day, week after week, about the arts!' It is this fantastic tendency which makes me reluctant to switch on 'The Critics'; and there is another deterrent, namely that when the team is below par its talk, as it flits from book to play, play to radio, and so on, is distressingly like the kind of dilettante sherry-party chatter which I find so peculiarly unbearable. But these lapses are happily rare and give me no sort of right to shun the whole series. Nor do I do so; I have

more self-respect than to listen to my more unreasonable prejudices, and usually when I have forced myself to turn on this programme I find it enjoyable. Last week an unusually good team gave us some lively discussion and a stimulating divergence of opinion. Ivor Brown led off with a criticism of the play 'The House by the Lake', so wittily, aphoristically, nay apophthegmatically expressed, that it put me in a good temper at once. Lionel Hale sponsored radio, the broadcast being A. J. Alan's story 'The Firebell' read by himself, which was originally broadcast nineteen years ago. I heard a few of A. J. Alan's stories when they were first given and found them highly entertaining, not on their own merits but because they embarrassingly involved the silly, hesitant little man who told them. Who, I used to wonder, was this Alan and how closely did the story-teller resemble the writer. If not at all, then the broadcast was a highly skilful impersonation; if very closely, then had one any right to enjoy a silly story told by a silly little man? The aesthetic dilemma seemed insoluble. Last week I learned that A. J. Alan was the pseudonym of a high-ranking official in the Admiralty. The critics' views on the story were conflicting and varied exactly, I suspect, with their ages. Freda Bruce Lockhart found the performance very old-fashioned. Well, yes, I suppose it was: but then, so am I.

Alan Pryce-Jones, speaking of V. S. Pritchett's *Collected Stories*, thought the personality that came through them more important than the stories themselves, a dictum from which it is not easy to extract the precise estimation of the story-writer, but Mr. Pryce-Jones went on to express the view that Pritchett is one of the most interesting writers in English at the present time. Mr. Hale and Miss Bruce Lockhart complained of the invariable drabness of theme, setting, and characters and praised the writing; Mr. Westwater concurred in the former and left the latter unmentioned. Miss Bruce Lockhart found some sharp opposition to her appreciation of the Spanish film 'Death of a Cyclist', and Sir Gerald Barry once again proved that he is the ideal conductor.

Tuesday evening was nicely calculated to delight the judicious listener with three short broadcasts each excellent of its kind and of a kind totally different from the other two. In 'The Marsh Dwellers of Southern Iraq' Wilfred Thesiger described the life of the Ma'dan, a nomadic and aquatic people whom he believes to be the aborigines of Iraq. He lived happily with them for the greater part of six years and found them a peaceful, carefree people who received him with an easy, informal hospitality when he entered their territory in a canoe. Mr. Thesiger is one of those Englishmen, like Doughty, on whom Arabia Deserta has laid a spell and, being an admirable talker, he transmits it to his listeners.

Next came a poem by R. S. Thomas called 'The Minister', a grim and impressive portrait against a grim background, very well read by John Darran, Philip Phillips, Brinley Jenkins, and Jean Davies. And last, another story by Heinrich Böll, translated by Richard Graves, 'The Man with the Knives'. The narrator is a starving stonebreaker who improves his lot by acting as target to a professional knife thrower. Herr Böll exploited the theme with imaginative realism and so did the reader, Peter Woodthorpe, though now and then he swallowed a phrase and left me guessing.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

New Music

STEPHEN DODGSON's *Serenade* for viola and orchestra was the most individual work in the recent concert of new music (Royal Philhar-

monic, conducted by Walter Goehr) though one other piece ran it close. This *Serenade*, neither too extended for the vital sap in its material to last out well nor too compact for the thought to have room to turn round, from every point of view provided pleasing prospects. It was clear in its texture, agreeably dry in its more vivacious moments (the middle dance section), and held the interest easily.

So, too, did John Buckland's *Pietà*, number two, for strings, a more extended work than his first *Pietà*, as I recall that work, and music full of personality. We were told that this new work is a palindrome, a curious fact which for the listener is neither here nor there; though in this case, having been given the information, it was not without interest to find that there was no sense of effort in working the scheme through. The harmonic texture and the melodic outlines were good from start to finish, which is not by any means always the case with a deliberate palindromic exercise. The thing is, really, a matter of chance. Some music will coil and uncoil either way satisfactorily and play forwards or backwards, each as unaffectedly as the other. Some just will not; and no amount of digging it in the ribs, tickling it under the chin, or in any way pushing it around will help; the thing simply will not work. John Buckland's did work, so smoothly that one could hardly have guessed what ingenuity was afoot. And apart from that the piece had a steady onward thrust; it got somewhere.

As the concert wore on I collected much useful information from the announcements; though why people's ages were given I could not understand. What is the interest there, unless the composer be either an infant in arms or a centenarian? The twenties, thirties, forties and so on make dull talk. More informative, though still not perhaps of any great moment, was news about their teachers. That at least did give an opportunity to discover how far each man had gone forward on his own, how near he had remained to the influences of the nursery. John Joubert's *Overture*, Op. 3, suggested that when he wrote it (I missed the announcement about his teachers) he could not get the first movement of Walton's *Symphony* out of his memory. Not that it mattered; his work was lively and worth while. Certainly Michael Hobson's *Concertino* for oboe and strings had about it something of the brighter, more brittle work of Lennox Berkeley. One was grateful there for music so well written technically and so easy therefore on the ear.

The critic's duty, it has been suggested, is to get inside the mind of the other man, the artist who has created the work in question. That is true, up to a point; not the whole duty of a critic though an important one. Enthralling also and, my heavens, exhausting, that exploration of new territory with nothing to guide one but a home-made compass and torch. And when not one but five minds have to be explored in the space of a couple of hours, five new works to be listened to, considerable mental agility is needed and by the end one is worn out. So it was last week, when Geoffrey Wright's *Symphony* came at the close of this programme of new music. It was the most considerable, or at least the most extensive, of them all. But by then my mind had become too sluggish to move within sound of his. I was no longer listening, merely hearing.

In such circumstances it would be impertinent to advance any opinion on a work so important to the composer. I hope to meet it another evening and at the start of the concert this time. What little did percolate through to my understanding seemed serious, strong writing. The music sounded rather irate, I thought. But now I see that to have been simply a reflection of my own state of mind.



FORGOTTEN MEN

By PODALIRIUS

When next you do homage to a young expectant mother, spare a thought for the damp-handed, muffin-faced, awkward, brooding, defiant character weaving about in the background—the expectant father. Expectancy is not a monopoly of females, nor is it necessarily a pleasurable emotion: indeed for some of the more sensitive sex (I refer, of course, to us men) it can be excruciating in its morbid variety.

The expectant father does not usually fear the event itself so much: he feels he can leave all that to the competent young person who has somehow replaced the shrinking girl he took to the altar. His fears are rather for himself. What odds, he wonders moodily, would anybody offer on him as the perfect father? He recalls the exasperating faults, and the still more exasperating virtues, of his own father: at all events he won't be like *that*. He will be—what? Imagination refuses to divest him of his familiar garb as young married man, late bachelor, and dress him for the part of a loving and capable father. Perhaps, he tells himself as he stumbles out to dull his doubts with beer, it will be all right on the night.

You think this far-fetched? An American psychiatrist who made a study of 55 expectant fathers in the U.S. Forces found them anxious, depressed, hypochondriacal, falling off in their work, taking to heavy drinking, staying away without leave, or being insubordinate to officers. When the psychiatrist pointed out to them what their real trouble was, and got them to talk it over, most of them improved; but some were unstable types who had never managed to settle to anything, and saw no sense in attempting the long grind of fatherhood. They simply could not picture themselves in the role.

In a more primitive society such misfits would be sustained by the rite of the *couvade*. There the expectant father shares his wife's lot throughout the child-bearing process, eating the same food, complaining of the same symptoms, and—when the birthday finally comes—enjoying with appropriate cries an imaginary labour of his own. Thanks to this system, he not only protects his wife and child from demons; he puts himself in the picture from the start; and from the final ordeal the raw boy, initiated and reborn, emerges a new-made man—a Father.

Our own casual treatment of expectant fathers denies them this steadying experience. Yet it is difficult to propose a comparable life for our own society. One doubts, for instance, whether fathercraft classes, introduced into our great public schools, would have precisely the same appeal.

Well, Podalirius, we think that expectant fathers would face their ordeal more calmly if they took Bemax regularly. This opinion, though it may sound like pure partisanship, is based on sound reasoning. It is the expectant father's nerves that are in such an appalling condition and Bemax is exceptionally rich in B-vitamins—which are needed for healthy working of the nerves. Q.E.D.

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Respighi's opera, 'La Fiamma', was precisely what we had been led to expect from Mr. Hussey's valuable preparatory article in *THE LISTENER*, drawing attention to the splendid surface of the music and the vivid characterisation Respighi found for the chief people in the grim tale. This recording of a performance in Italy

gave the impression of a work that must be immensely effective when to such singing and playing as this is added the sight of some grandly conceived stage spectacle.

Among the many fine solo performances of recent weeks one remains specially memorable. It is that of Szymanowski's first Violin Concerto,

by the young Yugoslav player Igor Ozim. This was something quite out of the ordinary, beautiful in tone, impeccable in intonation, and remarkably fluent. In displaying so big a technique with such grace and eloquence Mr. Ozim made listening to this fine concerto a rare pleasure.

SCOTT GODDARD

The Sinful Lowlands

By HANS KELLER

Eugen d'Albert's opera 'Tiefland' will be broadcast at 7.40 p.m. on Saturday, June 9 (Third)

D'ALBERT'S versatility manifested itself before he was born. His father was French, his mother English, and though he saw the light in Glasgow (1864), *Grove V* does not allow him any Scottishness: the family lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Nevertheless, the Lowlands and the Highlands—of the Spanish variety, to be sure—came to play a symbolic role in his most sensational operatic success; and, in any case, he became Germanised in due course, and, *via verismo*, Italianised into the bargain.

A pupil of Liszt, he was a great pianist as well as a tireless composer. When he died at Riga in 1932, he had married six times and written twenty and a half operas, ranging from comedy to the at times brutal naturalism of 'Tiefland' (1903; text after A. Guimerà by Rudolph Lothar). In the English-speaking world, this work has so far proved more or less of a flop. Eclecticism has a difficult life wherever its sources are neither known nor unknown, so that everything seems to sound vaguely like something else. Nowadays, when the West has a better knowledge of d'Albert's international roots, his distinct individuality may well be rediscovered; while as a subtle craftsman, he is, in fact, superior to his more widely famed Italian models.

In a recent article on 'Opera at Home', Ernest Newman wrote: 'I myself am generally at sea when I listen on the radio to an opera about which I know nothing'. The following experiment is intended to remedy this kind of situation. My timings refer to the recording to be broadcast on June 9. Listeners are invited to adjust their watches to the full hour at the outset, and again at the beginning of Act II.

The 'dawn' prelude is a thematic exposition which is continued into the prologue, and whose basic motive is the opening phrase of the stage-clarinets solo in A (Pedro's shepherd's tune). The scene is a rocky slope high up in the Pyrenees. Nando (tenor), another shepherd, greets Pedro (*Heldentenor*), who has not talked to anyone for six months. But he is happy, even though he prays to God every night to send him a wife (6 minutes after the beginning). Nando laughs (6' 45''), but Pedro recounts a dream (7' 35'') in which the Blessed Virgin has promised him married bliss.

Sebastiano (*Helden-baritone*), a rich landowner and virtually everybody's employer, appears from the Lowlands (12' 30''). With him are Tommaso (bass), the village elder, and Marta (dramatic soprano), whom Sebastiano wants to marry off to Pedro while at the same time retaining her as his mistress: officially, he must be free to enter a profitable marriage. Overcome by Marta's beauty (15' 30''), the unsuspecting Pedro is easily persuaded (till 19' 20''). Nando warns him against the Lowlands (19' 50''), but Pedro bids his mountains farewell (20' 55''-23' 3'': home key, chief tune). The interlude is a developed version of the prelude.

The first (27' 27'') and second acts are set in Sebastiano's mill, which is to belong to the couple. Pepa (young dramatic soprano), Antonia (lyric soprano), and Rosalia (contralto) ask the miller's man Moruccio (character baritone) about the rumoured wedding. His answer (28' 17'') is ironical rather than instructive. Nuri (young lyric soprano), Marta's friend, eventually confirms the rumour (33' 5'': basic, shepherd's motive) and describes a tragic scene she has witnessed between Sebastiano and Marta (34' 34''-36' 30''). Marta enters (37' 32'') but, seeing the women, hurries out again; when, crying, she reappears (38' 38''), she drives them out, Nuri excepted. After Nuri has gone too, Marta laments her fate (43' 40'').

Outside, the people announce Pedro's arrival (47' 28''). Moruccio draws Tommaso into the mill and discloses the background of this marriage. Tommaso refuses to believe him and they are about to fight each other (50' 25'') when the approaching bridegroom is hailed (50' 32''); the women ironically wish him luck (51' 33''). Sebastiano appears (52' 27'') and reminds Pedro that everything is ready (52' 51''). In a whisper, Marta pleads with her master against his decision, but he retorts loudly, 'You are not merry, Marta!' (54' 29''), and forces her to agree to the marriage (58' 45''-1h. 5' 2''). When, finally (1h. 5' 34''), she is ready to go to the chapel, he tells her that he will be in her room that very night: a light will signal his presence. (In view of d'Albert's matrimonial career, the polyandrous and polygynous elements of this plot are not without psychological interest.)

Everybody is off to church, except for Sebastiano, Tommaso, and Moruccio (1h. 8' 48''). Tommaso alludes to Moruccio's disclosure. Sebastiano denies it and dismisses Moruccio who, happy to leave (1h. 10' 10''), vows he has spoken the truth. The bells are ringing (1h. 11' 4''): it is too late for Tommaso to prevent the outrage. Off stage, the procession is returning (1h. 13' 20'').

Pedro and Marta are back (1h. 14' 20''), alone (1h. 15' 18''). Awkwardly, he tries to make love. When she declines his wedding present, a silver taler, he relates (1h. 18' 1'') how he killed a wolf and received this reward from Sebastiano. Marta, though touched, orders him to his room. He objects; she, unaware of his ignorance, says he has insulted her by marrying her. He protests his love. Suddenly (1h. 24' 29''), she notices Sebastiano's light in her room; so does Pedro, but as he feels for his knife the light disappears. Together and apart, they spend the night in the main room. (As at the outset of Pedro's *Wolfs-erzählung*, his life- and love-motive gives way to the related wolf motive.)

[REJUST WATCH!] Act II resumes the end of Act I, complete with the F minor wolf motive, but the time is dawn. Off stage, Nuri sings an *aubade*. Marta wakes and disappears. Nuri enters, knitting a jacket for Pedro. He says

(2' 55''): 'Before you've finished it, I shall be far away'. Marta returns (4' 45''), and, becoming jealous, shows Nuri the door (5' 25''). Pedro taunts Marta (6' 40'') and leads Nuri away. Hurrying after them, Marta runs into Tommaso (7' 35''). She tells the angry man her story (11' 28'')—how, after the death of her begging mother (12' 7''), a crippled beggar had made her dance for money (13' 15''), until Sebastiano had picked them up and dishonoured her. Last night in the chapel, however, a heavenly messenger had proclaimed Pedro her destined husband. As she confesses, Marta realises (17' 38'') how much she herself loves Pedro. 'Then tell him everything', Tommaso says, and blesses her (19' 55''). She leaves.

The women return (20' 50'') and pester the naive husband with questions. Alone with him, Marta asks (26' 45''), 'Where is your courage? Come and kill me! . . . but do not go!' Pedro (27' 10''): 'The Lowlands kill me, let me seek my mountains'. Marta reveals that she was another man's. She tries her utmost to provoke Pedro, until he stabs her in the arm (29' 15''). They admit their great love. Sebastiano appears with the peasants and orders Marta to dance for him (35' 30''). Pedro asks her to follow him to the mountains, Sebastiano orders the peasants to turn out Pedro (37' 20''), and Marta tells Pedro that Sebastiano was the other man, that it was he who was in her room last night (37' 55''). She falls unconscious. The peasants drag off the furious Pedro (38' 15''). Tommaso drops in (38' 35'') to say that he has told the father of Sebastiano's bride-to-be about the circumstances of the projected marriage which, therefore, has come to naught.

Sebastiano is alone with Marta: 'Now I have only you to call my own!' But she not only loves Pedro (40' 35''); she is prepared to fight for her love (41' 15''). Pedro regains access to the room (42' 15''), draws his knife and—throws it away because Sebastiano has none. The latter tries in vain to reach it (43' 45''), and Pedro kills his second 'wolf' (44' 5''); wolf motive throughout this scene). 'Why don't you laugh now?' (44' 50''), he asks the villagers he has called in, and, taking Marta up in his arms, he carries her away to the Highlands, 'to light and freedom' (home key, chief tune). The curtain slowly falls to the *fortissimo* accompaniment of the opera's basic, opening motive.

In the article on Johan Helmich Roman, which appeared on page 697 of *THE LISTENER* last week, the second and third sentences should have read: 'During the directorship of Gustaf Düben the elder, the second to hold office, one of the players was a certain Johan Roman. The son of an ensign in the Finnish army, grandson of a pastor and great-grandson of a professor of mathematics at Uppsala university, Roman had been a 'singing-boy' in the household of the renowned Swedish soldier and statesman Magnus de la Gardie at Läckö castle'.



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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

MERINGUE AND RHUBARB

THERE HAVE been several questions from listeners just recently on the making of meringue for topping pies and also on how to use rhubarb now that it is in season.

First, this question of making meringues for pie toppings. It is simple to make successful meringue, but there are one or two elementary rules which it is just as well to bear in mind. By far and away the most important, I think, is that the eggs should be as fresh as possible, and also that the whites should be as cold as possible. If you have a refrigerator, the question of the coolness of the whites is a simple matter, but if you have not, then, when you are making meringue, be sure that you are whisking it up in the coolest part of the kitchen. Any type of whisk is suitable, whether it is an electric or a hand-whisk. Whisk up the whites of the eggs in a clean bowl, making certain that there is not the slightest trace of yolk in the white at all. Whisk them up until they are stiff—in fact so stiff that you can turn the basin over and the whites will not fall out.

When the white is stiff, take the sugar. For meringues use caster sugar, in the proportion of two ounces to one egg-white. Put in half the sugar to start with and continue whisking until it becomes quite difficult to go on whisking the white and the sugar together, then take out the whisk, and add the other half of the sugar, but, this time, fold it in with a metal spoon, because it cuts through the egg white so much better. The meringue is now ready to put on top of the pie or the tart. It goes into a moderate

oven, in the centre—gas No. 4, 350 degrees Fahrenheit—for approximately 25 to 30 minutes. Next, a recipe in which this meringue can be used. I would like to suggest rhubarb scalloped meringue—consisting mainly of rhubarb and a sponge-cake. For this you need:

- 1/2 lb. of rhubarb
- 2 to 3 oz. of granulated sugar
- the grated rind of a small orange
- 1/4 of a teaspoon of salt
- 1 small sponge-cake
- the meringue for this sized pudding: 2 egg-whites and 4 oz. of caster sugar

Wash the rhubarb in the usual way and cut it into one-inch pieces, and to it add the sugar, the orange rind, and the salt. Put the fruit and the sponge-cake, which has been cut in thin slices, in alternate layers in a greased baking dish, cover it, and put it into a moderate oven—gas No. 4, 350 degrees Fahrenheit—and bake for approximately 25 to 30 minutes. Remove the cover and make up quickly the meringue to go on the top. This is made in the same way as I have explained above. It goes on to the top of the rhubarb and sponge-cake. Return the pudding to the oven and bake for a further 10 to 15 minutes, until the meringue is just coloured. The pudding is then ready to eat, and it is delicious, either hot or cold.

PAULINE CHAMONT

DRINKS FOR THE PICNIC

Two kinds of liquid refreshment for picnics should be considered, I think. First, there is a lot to be said for a vacuum flask of hot soup.

Many is the slightly chilly feast that has been pulled together by a mugful of steaming broth. Then there is the ever-welcome flask of hot tea or coffee. For a cold drink, I have found a great favourite is ice-cold China tea, made very weak, with a sprig of mint and a squeeze of lemon to freshen it. And I would rather take a can or flask of pure orange or grapefruit juice than bottled squash. But squash certainly has its merits, especially for the younger generation.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

- LORD HALSBURY (page 703): Managing Director, National Research Development Corporation
- IAN STEPHENS (page 705): Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; Director, Bureau of Public Information, Government of India, 1932-37; editor of *The Statesman* in Calcutta and Delhi, 1943-51; author of *Horned Moon*
- PAUL ANDERSON (page 707): formerly Paris correspondent of *The Observer* and assistant editor of *Picture Post*
- LEO KUPER (page 708): Professor of Sociology, Natal University, Durban
- MAURICE SHOCK (page 716): Lecturer in Politics, Christ Church and Trinity College, Oxford
- EDWARD GLOVER (page 719): former Director of the London Clinic of Psycho-Analysis; author of *Freud or Jung, A Technique of Psycho-Analysis*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,357. Theme and Variations. By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 7. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Five theme-words, A, B, C, D, and E, have something in common. Each of these is accompanied by a pair of variations connected with it in a certain way. The connecting idea between any one theme-word and its variations is somewhat different in each case: (e.g., if theme-word A were salt, the

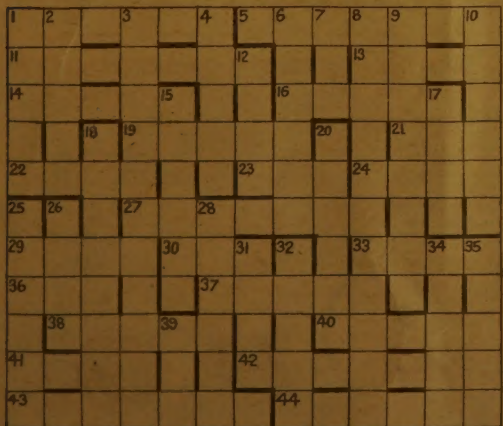
variations could be tar and bluejacket; and if theme-word B were mustard, they could be mayhem and mighty).

CLUES—ACROSS

- 1. Indirectly assist a stoppage (6)
- 5. Theme-word A (7). Variations 1D (5) and 17 (4)
- 13. Spiteful women must leave gold ducats on the coast of Asia Minor (4)
- 14. Pop due to be processed into antiseptic powder (5)
- 16. Day celebrated annually in South Africa (5)
- 19. See what a pen produces in students' finals; yet they're sheepish in their second year (5)
- 21. A point in Florida where restraint begins (3)
- 22. Elegant occupants of the stalls (4)
- 23. Underground controller's greeting—look out! (3)
- 24. This sort of crop represents a reverse for Bill (4)
- 27. It may be an impression, but I keep paying out, d'you hear? (7)
- 29. A god on the wing (4)
- 30. With which Jock greets the beginning of the rest-period (3)
- 33. He's slippery and elusive, and can knock back the forwards (4)
- 36. Forward or backward sort of sap (3)
- 37. Came across us inside a gap in the fence (5)
- 38. A most intricate collection of old tumuli (5)
- 40. Fate ran on in wild array (5)
- 41. I'm an old Ithacan beggar, and I'm in an endless hurry (4)
- 42. Yearned about the sound of you, Idle Jack did (7)
- 44. Theme-word B (6). Variations 26 (4) and 28 (6)

DOWN

- 2. Pause after mixing it, and sprinkle the cruet (5)
- 3. Splash, splash, splash, —! This is some protection (11)
- 4. Theme-word E (5). Variations 11 (7) and 43 (7)
- 6. The old have almost to sell the first gift (6)
- 7. With intoxicating drink, you're half-way to incarnation (3)
- 8. 140 pounds for rubbish! That'll polish off your brass! (11)



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Solution of No. 1,355

B	R	I	A	R	S	H	A	L	L
U	E	C	E	R	P	E	C	E	L
H	A	V	E	L	E	A	V	E	S
L	E	O	E	T	K	S	S	D	T
S	W	E	L	L	A	S	T	H	O
O	B	K	T	K	U	G	P	M	U
N	S	A	N	D	B	E	A	S	S
C	D	V	R	O	A	N	C	E	E
E	E	T	A	S	S	H	A	R	P

Answers and sources: 1D, blush. Hen. 8, III, 2. 1R, bevel. Son. 121. 21L, savour. MND, III, 1. 2R, trace. Much A. III, 1. 3R, likes. Hen. 5, Chor. III. 4L, palace. Temp. IV, 1. 4R, tears. Ham. 1, 2. 5L, sever. MoV, III, 2. 5R, sharp. Hen. 6 (1), II, 4. 6L, worse. AYL, I, 3. 6R, doves. Hen. 6 (3), I, 4. 7L, sleep. Hen. 8, III, 2. 7R, crest. Hen. 6 (2), V, 1. 8L, lethe. JC, III, 1. 8R, cheese. Hen. 4 (1), III, 1. 9L, alack. Hen. 4 (2), IV, 4. 10L, slave. A & C, V, 2. 11L, sells. Jno, III, 1. 11D, learn. R & J, III, 2. 12D, Scone. Mac, V, 7. 12R, brass. Hen. 5, III, 1. 13R, knows. Oth, I, 1. 14R, death. Hen. 6 (3), V, 6. 15R, blank. Tw. N, II, 4. 16L, lated. Mac, III, 3. 16R, cruel. Oth, V, 2. 17L, knave. Lear, II, 2. 17R, pagan. R2, IV, 1. 18L, durst. JC, IV, 3. 18R, spies. Ham, IV, 5. 19L, Bagot. R2, 1, 4. 20L, heaps. R3, 1, 4. 21L, moans. MND, V, 1. 22L, crush. R & J, I, 2. 23D, weird. Mac, II, 1. 24L, sand. Temp, I, 2.

Quotation: 'All's Well', IV, 4

Prizewinners: 1st prize: S. W. Fraser (London, S.E.13); 2nd prize: R. Postill (Jersey); 3rd prize: Miss M. L. S. Jones (Lapworth)

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